The Outlook

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CONTENTS

THE WEEK:

The Allies in Peking 941
The Future of China 942
The War in South Africa 942
The Anti-Imperialist Congress 943
Caleb Powers Convicted 944
Ingalls and Huntington 945
Race Riots in New York 946
Free Telephone Service 946
Shades of Yellow Journalism 947
Social Economy at Paris 947
National Consumers' League 948
The Zionist Congress 948
The Northfield Conference 949
Religion in Porto Rico 950
A Religious Census 950

EDITORIALS:

The Paramount Political Issue 951
Pastoral Letters: To a Young Minister .. 953
News and Literature 955
Work and Rest 956
The Spectator 957

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

Lord Roberts's March to Pretoria. III.—In Johannesburg 959
By James Barnes
The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews. XIII.—The Proverbs of the Hebrews 963
By Lyman Abbott
The Sonnets of Shakespeare 967
By Hamilton W. Mabie
The Richmond of To-Day 972
By Lillian W. Betts

BOOKS AND AUTHORS:

Three American Statesmen (Adams, Sumner, Seward) 979
Books of the Week 982
CORRESPONDENCE 983
NOTES AND QUERIES 986
INDEX TO VOL. LXV 987

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The Outlook

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The Allies in Peking After two months and a half of siege, semi-starvation, and daily peril of their lives, the Foreign Ministers in Peking, with their families, attendants and subordinates, and guards, together with the other foreigners who happened to be in the Chinese capital on June 3, when communication with the outer world was cut off, have been rescued by the troops of the allies. The full story of their experiences remains to be told; it will doubtless prove one of the most thrilling episodes in modern history. The first authentic account of the capture of Peking came from Tokio, where a despatch had been received from General Yamagatchi, commanding the Japanese column; this stated that the assault was made on Wednesday of last week, that Japanese and Russians attacked on the north side of the Tungchow Canal, the Americans and British on the south side, and that at nightfall the Japanese blew up the eastern gates of the Tartar City and entered, while the American and British were entering the Chinese City—the southern part of Peking. The legations were soon reached, and the Ministers and their staffs found to be safe. The Chinese made a vigorous defense, and, according to General Yamagatchi, lost five hundred killed, while the Japanese loss was about a hundred killed. The news was confirmed by despatches received in Washington from Admiral Remey and General Chaffee. The first accounts stated with considerable positiveness that the Empress Dowager and her court, guarded by a large force of Imperial troops and accompanied by a still larger force of Boxers, had fled to Hsianfu, the capital of the Province of Shensi. This city is about six hundred miles southwest of Peking, near the union of the Hoangho and Hweiho Rivers, and is difficult of access, the easiest method of approach from the coast being by the Hoangho River, a distance of five hundred and fifty miles. These reports of the flight of the Empress Dowager were, however, on Monday of this week contradicted by the startling statement, which came simultaneously from Admiral Remey (who credited his information to Japanese sources) and Admiral Bruce, of the British navy, that the Empress was detained by General Yung-Lu in the inner or "forbidden" city, that a last stand was being made there by the Chinese, and that the inner city was being bombarded by the allies. At present writing the weight of evidence indicates that the Empress Dowager, Prince Tuan, and probably the Emperor, fled the day before the assault was made, but that a body of Chinese in the inner city were at last accounts making a stubborn resistance. The Japanese cavalry are said to be in pursuit of the fugitives. Admiral Remey also sends the curious and interesting statement that General Chaffee reports that he entered the legation grounds on the night of the 14th (Tuesday), and also that the American loss was only eight wounded; it will be seen that this report differs radically from the despatch to Tokio; either a mistake in dates has been made somewhere, or our forces entered the legations twenty-four hours before the general assault, which seems hardly probable. All reports state that in the capture of Peking, as in the entire campaign, the Japanese troops, who greatly exceed the other allies in number, fought with the utmost bravery and bore the brunt of the fighting. The occupation of Peking has been followed by China's formal application through Li-Hung-Chang for the opening of negotiations for peace. Li-Hung-Chang suggests that Mr. Conger would be acceptable as the American Commissioner for this purpose.

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The Future of China

The rescue of the Americans, English, and Europeans in Peking only closes one episode of the Chinese question; others of more importance as regards permanent historical interest, although less immediately pressing and exciting, are now to be taken up. It can fairly be said that the United States morally and diplomatically has taken a leading part—many would say *the* leading part—in the recent dealings with China. Its refusal to join in the attack on the Taku forts, its clear and definite statement that this country insisted, first, on the rescue of its citizens in Peking, second, on the establishment of order and safety in China, and, third, on the giving of substantial guarantees for the future by China as to the safety of foreigners and the preservation of reasonable trade conditions, was accompanied by an equally positive disclaimer of desire for Chinese territory and a protest against even considering the subject of dismemberment. The principles which should govern our future course are, therefore, recognized, and in this country universally approved. We do not remember to have seen, even from the bitterest opponents of the present Administration, any criticism of its course in Chinese matters up to date, and actual results have abundantly proved the practical wisdom as well as the justice of that course. It must be added that the practical difficulties in the settlement of the future of China are immense, and chiefly grow out of the Powers' suspicions of one another's intentions. Russia is carrying on an extensive and successful campaign in the north; she has cleared the Siberian frontier of Chinese marauders, has captured Newchang, and has fought a battle, described in Russian despatches as bloody and long-continued, in the Amoor district in Chinese territory; there is also a report that Russia has landed troops in Korea; will she be content to establish a strong, liberal Chinese government, accept indemnities, and leave the boundaries where they were? It is greatly to be doubted. Germany, who has so far taken a minor part in the campaign, is sending large forces, and is determined on signal reparation for the murder of her Minister; will she not insist on a pushing of her Kiaochau concession westward far into the Shantung province? It is at least probable. Now comes the curious complication in the immensely fertile Yangtsekiang valley, to which Shanghai is the gate; Great Britain's attempt to land her Indian troops there met with a chorus of protest from French and Germans, but when the troops were sent on to a more northern port the French and German consuls suddenly changed their attitude and somewhat shamefacedly asked that the British be landed, after all, for the general safety of the region; probably France and Germany find that they prefer to have a precedent for landing their own troops in the Yangtsekiang region rather than a precedent for excluding all foreign troops. All these facts and others like them make pertinent the question, What shall be the United States' attitude toward the other Powers if the latter refuse to join in a sincere effort to restore order and maintain the integrity of China? What guarantees can we accept from the Chinese Government for the future? Whom are we to recognize as the Government of China? These are the questions now beginning to press on our State Department, and it can only be said now that deliberation, caution, and firmness are required in framing the replies.

❀

The War in South Africa

The escape of General De Wet from the extensive trap laid for him by the British generals now appears to have been complete. General Kitchener, who was in charge of the operation, was aided, or was to have been aided, by General Methuen, General Ian Hamilton, and a cavalry brigade under General Broadwood—altogether over twenty-five thousand men, who approached the elusive Boer commander of perhaps seven thousand men from several different directions. The Boers' flying column, however, again demonstrated the mobility of their loosely organized forces, and with little difficulty avoided the British, who so greatly outnumbered them, and went north beyond Rustenberg, where a final attempt by Baden-Powell to stop the movement proved as unsuccessful as had been those which preceded it. Military critics in Europe unite in praising General De Wet's escape as extraordinary and perhaps unique in

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the history of cavalry campaigns. Apparently the British campaign in the hostile territory west of Pretoria must be begun anew; while the district northeast of Pretoria, held by General Botha, has yet to be attacked. Students of military movements think it probable that Lord Roberts's next move will be in that direction. An important event of the week has been the issuing by Lord Roberts of a proclamation which cancels his previous offer of lenity to the Boer burghers who take out passes and subscribe to oaths of neutrality. Lord Roberts says that this lenity has been greatly abused, and that hereafter the burghers will be regarded as prisoners of war if they are found in arms. The Orange State burghers have already complained bitterly that the regulations made by General Kitchener for their conduct were severe and almost impossible to comply with; now the Transvaal Boers will be in the same condition. All this seems hardly consonant with a report from England that Lord Roberts is soon to retire from the command of the British forces in South Africa, that the war as a war will be declared ended, and that the subordinate operations of clearing the country of existing hostile bands will be committed to General Kitchener. The plot for the kidnapping of General Roberts, as disclosed last week by a military trial in Pretoria, appears to have been chiefly the design of a light-headed and adventurous man named Cordua, who claims that he was incited to form the plot by a member of the British police force.

❀

The Anti-Imperialist Congress

The Anti-Imperialist Congress in Indianapolis last week was composed of about two hundred delegates, representing about twenty different States between Massachusetts and Colorado, and half as many different Anti-Imperialist Leagues. The object of the meeting was to determine whether the National League should indorse Mr. Bryan, nominate a third ticket, or merely adopt resolutions urging the union of anti-imperialists upon Congressmen favorable to their cause. Up to the time the Congress assembled, its course remained in doubt. It was largely made up of the officers of the various leagues, and most of these men had strongly opposed Mr. Bryan in 1896, and still strongly oppose his position upon the currency question. All doubt, however, was removed when the temporary chairman of the conference, Mr. Edwin Burritt Smith, of Chicago, paid an eloquent tribute to Mr. Bryan. The cheers that were then given left nothing in doubt except the wording of his indorsement, and the attitude that should be taken toward the group of third-party men who were simultaneously conferring at Indianapolis regarding the nomination of candidates opposed both to Mr. McKinley's Philippine policy and Mr. Bryan's financial policy. Some members of the convention believed that Mr. Bryan's cause would be aided if such a third ticket were nominated, though they themselves did not propose to vote for it. This belief, however, proved to be confined to Eastern delegates. The Central and Western delegates uniformly believed that policy as well as principle called for the most unequivocal declaration in favor of the union of all anti-imperialists upon Mr. Bryan. Ex-Governor Boutwell, of Massachusetts, the permanent chairman of the convention, was strongly upon the same side. His speech was the memorable feature of the convention. The enthusiasm of the delegates reached a high pitch when he uttered these words:

> In my youth I left the Democratic party when it surrendered to slavery. In my age I leave the Republican party, now that it has surrendered itself to despotic motives. I helped create the Republican party, a party at that time of justice and principle and honesty. I now believe it is a party of injustice and despotism, and I will help to destroy it. And how? There is but one available means, and you know what that is. I am for Bryan. Next March, I trust, we will have an inauguration to be followed by a policy which will bring the troops out of the Philippines, diminish the death-roll and the massacre of people in these distant lands; and we shall then set up three young republics which shall glory in their origin through the policy of the American people.

❀

The Anti-Imperialist Resolutions

At the close of ex-Governor Boutwell's speech, the committee on resolutions retired to formulate their recommendations. This committee consisted of twenty-five members, one member being selected by each of the ten constituent leagues, and these ten select-

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ing the remaining fifteen. In the committee it was ascertained that of the twenty-five members, one had abstained from voting in 1896, seven had voted for Mr. Bryan, seven for General Palmer, and ten for President McKinley. This fact was reported to the Congress the following morning, along with the resolutions which the committee had unanimously adopted. These resolutions began, of course, with an arraignment of the Administration for alleged violations of the principles of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution in its waging of war for the forcible annexation of an alien people; its denial that the right to rule rested on the consent of the governed; its assertion that this right could be purchased from an expelled despotism; its assumption that Congress could levy arbitrary taxes upon unrepresented people; and its declaration, in various forms, that the authority of the Constitution did not extend as far as the authority of Congress and the President. At the close of this indictment the following recommendations were presented to anti-imperialists throughout the country:

First. That, without regard to their views on minor questions of domestic policy, they withhold their votes from Mr. McKinley, in order to stamp with their disapproval what he has done.

Second. That they vote for those candidates for Congress in their respective districts who will oppose the policy of imperialism.

Third. While we welcome any other method of opposing the re-election of Mr. McKinley, we advise direct support of Mr. Bryan as the most effective means of crushing imperialism. We are convinced of Mr. Bryan's sincerity and of his earnest purpose to secure to the Filipinos their independence. His position and the declarations contained in the platform of his party on the vital issue of the campaign meet our unqualified approval.

The debate on the resolutions was practically confined to the third recommendation. Several representatives of the third-party movement were heard in opposition, and they were supported by a few delegates not officially connected with their movement; but at the close of the discussion the amendment they urged was overwhelmingly defeated, receiving but fifteen votes. The Congress was notable for the small attendance of delegates and the absence of men of National reputation. The men who had been willing to give up several days and travel several hundred miles at their own expense were, by a process of natural selection, the more ardent of the anti-imperialists, and the votes of the less ardent will not be determined by their action. The Congress cannot be regarded as a mere adjunct of the Democratic campaign; nor can it be said, on the other hand, to carry any great weight either of public opinion or of individual authority. No one questions the honesty of the men in attendance, but they have not impressed the country as leaders of a genuine movement, because they have failed to recognize the force of facts and to interpret the situation in the light of clear and convincing principles.

❀

Caleb Powers Convicted The trial of Caleb Powers, Kentucky's Secretary of State, during Governor Taylor's administration, on the charge of conspiring with others to kill Senator Goebel, has resulted in a verdict of guilty and a sentence of imprisonment for life. The sentence as well as the verdict was determined by the jury, which consisted of eight regular or Goebel Democrats, three anti-Goebel Democrats, and one Republican. Most of the jurors were farmers or merchants, though the one Republican member was a school-teacher. The jury was out but fifty-three minutes, and most of this time was taken up in reading the instructions of the court. These instructions were regarded by the defense as severe toward the accused, as they emphasized the duty of the jury to return a verdict of guilty if they believed the evidence to establish beyond reasonable doubt that he had entered into a criminal conspiracy which resulted in the killing of Goebel, even if this murder was not a part of the original purpose. The instructions, therefore, were almost identical with those in accordance with which Paul Corcoran was sentenced to life imprisonment because of the deaths resulting from the Cœur d'Alene riots a year ago. In this Kentucky case the prosecution had no difficulty in proving that Secretary Powers took part in bringing the armed mountaineers to Frankfort to overawe the legislators, and it convinced the jurors that he had not only participated in the appeals to violence which seem to have been recklessly made in the presence of these mountaineers,

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but also that he was in collusion with one Youtsey, who is believed to have fired the fatal shot from the window of the Secretary's office. Some of the witnesses against Powers, particularly the men who have turned State's evidence against him, are proven to have been persons of bad character, and the Legislature's appropriation of $100,000 to aid in bringing to justice the assassins of Goebel is asserted by Powers's friends to have suborned some of the testimony against him. But there were other witnesses, whose credibility was not shaken, who seem to have convinced the jury beyond reasonable doubt that the death of Goebel was the outcome of a conspiracy in which the Secretary of State had taken part. The fierceness of the conflict between the Goebel and anti-Goebel factions of the Democracy makes it impossible to regard the verdict as purely partisan. The Republican party in Kentucky will be heavily weighted in the campaign by the connection of Republican officials with a crime which violated every American instinct.

❀

J. J. Ingalls; Collis P. Huntington

The two noted men whose deaths were reported last week represented distinct and opposed American types—and this illustrates a fact not always recognized by theorizers, that there are not two but many types of character and temperament which may all, with equal truth, be termed American. Mr. Ingalls was quick, nervous, brilliant, at his best a master of words; he was critical, distrustful, and cynical—perhaps he will be best remembered by his specious and false generalization, "The purification of politics is an iridescent dream;" essentially he was destructive, a man who shone more in public life as an enemy than as a friend. Mr. Huntington, on the other hand, was long-headed, solid in thought and action, a trifle stolid in temperament, a doer rather than a talker—in short, essentially constructive. While Ingalls's political career began in brilliant oratory, it ended in political defeat. Mr. Huntington's began with the saving of every cent of wages he received for his first year of work (board and clothing being supplied by his employer), and ended, not merely in the possession of a fortune variously estimated by the press at from twenty to eighty millions, but in the control of a vast system of railways and steamships, whose existence was in large measure due to his energy, financial skill, and invincible perseverance—he was wont to say that he could not be outdone in waiting by any one but the Roman Catholic Church. The steps in Mr. Ingalls's career, following his graduation at Williams, where he was a classmate of Garfield, were, briefly: admission to the bar, membership in Kansas Territorial and State conventions, State Senatorship, editorial work, election to the United States Senate (1872), in which he served as a Republican for eighteen consecutive years, three as presiding officer. His defeat in politics was due partly to personal animosities, partly to new political conditions in Kansas. Personally he was an interesting figure, and his intellectual acuteness and command of his rhetorical tools were extraordinary. Mr. Huntington's history is bound up largely with the construction of the Central Pacific road; he had gone to California in the days of the gold rush, not as a miner, but a trader, taking with him a slender capital saved in peddling and small trading, and keeping it unimpaired by working his way on the ship; little by little his capital grew, until, in union with Hopkins, Crocker, and Stanford, he was ready and able to handle large affairs; then he saw opportunity of running a railroad from Sacramento to meet the Union Pacific; the way in which he and his colleagues secured a Government subsidy of $27,000,000, together with alternate sections of land, after "freezing out" the smaller investors in the enterprise, financed the work, carried it through (the last spike was driven in 1869), and made a gigantic profit, forms a most instructive and interesting chapter in the history of American industrial growth, one which contains also facts not altogether creditable in a high moral sense to the financiers—facts which might well be of use as a warning to our Government in its future dealings with railways. The organization of the Southern Pacific followed; in it were merged twenty-six corporations, with 9,000 miles of railway and 5,000 miles of steamship lines. Mr. Huntington was also largely interested in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and

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in several other great companies. He was a man of wonderful reserve power, of enormous capacity for work, and of the most temperate and quiet habits.

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The Race Riots in New York

There were striking similarities and also striking differences between the rioting and abuse of negroes in New York last week and the recent occurrences in New Orleans. In both cities the moving cause was the killing of a white policeman by a negro, in both the mob was made up of toughs and hoodlums, and in both innocent negroes were outrageously treated. The New York rioting, however, did not result in the death of any of those attacked, was confined to a small quarter of the city, and was a very local outbreak of the long-smoldering hatred between vicious whites and vicious negroes living in a certain small district. Its worst phase, and that of most lasting significance, was found in the conduct of the police. Evidence of many respectable citizens shows beyond question that, if the police did not actually instigate the disturbance (which began, it is said, in the blustering actions of an armed negro in the street near a house where was taking place the funeral of the policeman killed some days before by the negro Harris while the officer was trying to make an arrest in plain clothes), they certainly allowed it to go unchecked for some time, showed discrimination in making prisoners, clubbed the negroes whenever they dared do so, and, finally, in one of the police stations, closed the doors on one negro prisoner and nearly beat him to death before he was rescued by the captain and roundsman. This last incident is perhaps the most shameful and cruel in the history of the New York police force, and one for which the offending officers should be promptly discharged in dishonor and criminally prosecuted. It is safe to say, however, that no such action will be taken, for the reason that the present commanders of the force, from the chief down, sympathize with the vicious elements of society, as was abundantly shown in the last legislative investigation, and under such conditions it is impossible in the long run to maintain good discipline. The very existence of such a disreputable quarter as that where this rioting took place is *prima facie* evidence of the corruption and inefficiency of the police.

❀

Free Telephone Service

A recent issue of "The Municipality," the new bi-monthly publication of the Wisconsin League of Municipalities, contains an account of "An Experiment in Free Telephone Service," written by Mr. G. R. Wicker, the instructor in economics in Dartmouth. The experiment was made last winter in Janesville, Wisconsin, a city of about twelve thousand people. At the suggestion of the Mayor, the telephone company voluntarily established a free telephone booth on the sidewalk at the corner of two of the principal streets. At night the booth was lighted with electricity. Its interior contained nothing but the telephone instrument and a card containing the list of subscribers. On January 23, two or three months after the booth was opened, a friend of Mr. Wicker wrote him that the experiment had "proved a popular success from the start," and that the company promised soon to erect another free booth. The company's list of paying subscribers was at that time increasing with remarkable rapidity, and Mr. Wicker's correspondent believed that the increase was in part due to the increased value of telephone service to merchants by reason of the number of people with whom the free telephone brought them into communication. Three months later, however, this experiment, which had started off so promisingly, had been abandoned as a failure. The reason assigned by the company and accepted by the city authorities was the abuse of the free service by certain unsocial members of the community. "Youngsters and irresponsibles" had defaced the booth and used the instrument "recklessly and viciously, making telephone calls for mischief and worse." Under these circumstances the booth on the sidewalk was given up, without any protest from the public, and an orderly Western town was deprived of its free telephone service because of the same kind of rowdyism that has checked some of the efforts at tree-planting in the slums of great cities. Mr. Wicker suggests that the result in Janesville ought not to prevent further

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experiments with free telephones, but that, on the contrary, the temporary success achieved by the unprotected free booth on the sidewalk ought to lead to the establishment of free stations in public buildings such as engine-houses, where their use can in large measure be guarded. The fact that free booths are of unquestioned commercial value to new telephone companies, which can get subscribers only by assuring them that they will be put in communication with a large number of people, makes it seem possible that the Janesville experiment, in a modified form, may yet get a foothold in a large number of places.

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Shades of Yellow in Journalism

In the current issue of the "Annals of the American Academy" Dr. Delos F. Wilcox presents the results of an examination of about two hundred American newspapers distributed among the twenty-one cities having upwards of one hundred thousand people. He calls the article "A Study in Social Psychology;" and if the newspapers of various cities reflect the tastes of their inhabitants, the examination furnishes a valuable index of the intellectual interests of the urban population of the United States. The amount of space devoted to different subjects is carefully measured and tabulated. Unfortunately, the manner in which the subjects were treated could not be presented with any such exactness, and Professor Wilcox realizes to the full that the manner in which various subjects are presented rather than the amount of space given them furnishes the surest distinction between rational and sensational journalism. Indeed, he remarks that he had "considerable trouble in getting a quantitative test which would make the New York 'Journal' yellow and the New York 'Evening Post' conservative." However, with all its limitations, the method pursued brings out interesting contrasts. Chicago, for example, is found to have, on the average, a higher grade of newspapers than any other great city, and St. Louis is found to have a lower grade. The justice of Professor Wilcox's tribute to Chicago will be recognized by many serious-minded exchange editors, and the justice of his condemnation of the unsoundness of St. Louis papers will be generally conceded by those who examine his tables. "Every one of the five leading dailies of St. Louis," he points out, "gives more than the average share of space to 'yellow' characteristics," and he pointedly recalls the tradition that it was a former editor of the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat" who first defined the most successful newspaper man as "the man who best knew where hell was going to break out next and had a reporter on the spot." "Nowadays," Professor Wilcox adds, "when hell shows no signs of eruption, the successful newspaper manager sends a reporter to raise it." In the brief space at our command we cannot present even an outline of Professor Wilcox's tables, but the following items will convey an idea as to his method—the figures giving the per cent. of the total space devoted to each subject:

	New York.	Philadelphia.	Chicago.	St. Louis.	Omaha.	San Francisco.
Crime and Vice.	5	3	2	8	2½	4
Sporting News.	6	5½	3½	5½	2½	3½
Politics.....	5½	5½	6	6½	11	6½
Business.....	7½	7½	10½	10	7½	7½
Literature.....	3	3½	5	½	4	2½

In his conclusion Professor Wilcox remarks that, while the only far-reaching remedy for sensational and unhealthy journalism is the development of the moral sense of publisher and public, meantime "it may be possible to work toward a better journalism by introducing and strengthening the legal responsibility of newspapers for publishing only reliable news."

❀

Social Economy at Paris

Among the great departments at the Paris Exposition is that of Social Economy, in which are exhibited the various movements and institutions for the improvement of social conditions. In this section a large place is filled by the exhibit of the League for Social Service, which received the highest award, a grand prize. This international recognition places the League among the foremost institutions in the world, and is a tribute to the high character and efficiency of this young society, which will celebrate its second birthday on September first. The League for Social Service is practically the Musée Social of America. In May, 1899, when the United States Commission to the Paris Exposition was trying to collect and interpret an exhibit illus-

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trating the various movements and institutions for the improvement of social and industrial conditions, it became convinced that the League was particularly fitted for this work, and its President and Secretary were appointed special agents for this purpose. This appointment was purely honorary, as the League has never received any money from the Commission or the United States Government; but its officers believed that the world should see at Paris an exhibit of what American employers are doing for the improvement of the condition of their employees. They undertook this work, although it involved the raising of nearly $5,000, and had the satisfaction of contributing to the Commission an exhibit that shows the nations of Europe that American employers are alive to their economic responsibilities. In further interpretation of the exhibit the League contributed four monographs: "The Social Relief Work of the Salvation Army in the United States;" "The Young Men's Christian Associations of North America;" "Religious Movements for Social Betterment," by Dr. Josiah Strong; and "Industrial Betterment," by Dr. W. H. Tolman. Each of these writers received a gold medal for his monograph. The League was further honored by the appointment of Dr. Tolman, the Secretary of the League, as a member of the International Jury, assigned to Class 112, Public and Private Charities. He was also appointed one of the Vice-Presidents of the Congress on Public and Private Charities, which met during the first week in August and was attended by 1,500 delegates. Dr. Tolman will contribute to The Outlook before long a special illustrated article on the general subject of Social Economy at the Paris Exposition.

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The National Consumers' League

The attention which the National Consumers' League has received in Paris furnishes occasion for again directing the attention of people in this country to its work. It now has branch Leagues in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and a tenth League is to be organized in Rhode Island in September. The youngest of the Leagues now organized is that of Milwaukee, Wis., which grew out of the discussion of this subject at the recent Convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in that city. This new League already reports that it has obtained the Saturday half-holiday for about thirty-five hundred employees in fifty stores and two factories in Milwaukee—the gain in some of the stores being more than a half-day, as the clerks had previously been required to work Saturday evenings. The efficient President of the Milwaukee League, Mrs. G. D. Berry, found that public sentiment was ripe for the recognition of the duty of consumers to give their patronage to those employers who recognized their duties to their employees. In Massachusetts, where the idea for which the League stands has for the longest time commanded the approval of legislators as well as philanthropists, the League has secured the same restriction for the hours of women and children in stores as has long protected women and children in factories. Fifty-eight hours per week is hereafter the maximum for which they can be kept at work. As to the distinctively National organization, we are informed that its plan of introducing a Consumers' Label is being received with marked favor by manufacturers. The Consumers' Label is already being attached to the clothing and underwear made in fourteen factories, chiefly in New England, and the privilege of using the label has been asked for in still other factories, particularly in New York. In the case of these New York factories, however, the League has sensibly refused to extend its apparent usefulness until the State Factory Inspector provides for such inspection as will make the League's label in New York, as elsewhere, a real guarantee that goods are to be made in accordance with the requirements of health and humanity. As the State Inspector in New York has the authority to grant such inspection, the position of the League is likely to lead several manufacturers to ask for the inspection which others wish to avoid.

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The Zionist Congress

The Zionist Congress held last week in London has been in numbers and also in other respects the most important and interesting of the several Congresses held by those

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who are interested in this movement. No less than five hundred delegates were present at the opening of the Congress, and the reports laid before the members showed that the increase of the registered members had been during the last year much larger than ever before, and that in all ways the movement appeared to gain in strength in many nations of the world. The Chairman of the Congress, Dr. Theodore Herzel, in his opening address insisted upon the importance of a Jewish State in Palestine as a factor in the Asiatic problem of to-day, and this view naturally excited peculiar attention. He also stated with considerable positiveness that the guarantee for the security of the proposed State would come from the great nations most interested, but that the State, if established, would be under the suzerainty of the Porte. This view was not entirely acceptable to all those who are planning for a new Hebrew nation, to be independent and subject to no other power. Mr. Zangwill, the novelist, in an interesting article of comment upon the Congress published in the London papers last week, expresses the opinion that the present meeting has shown a more sober spirit, with less rhetoric and less polemic violence than have characterized the Congresses which have been held on the Continent. This, he thinks, indicates that practical considerations are now coming to the front, and visionary schemes have less place. Mr. Zangwill expresses surprise at the important part taken by the Russian Jews in this movement, and sees in it proof that there is a great amount of idealism of intellect among the Russian Jews which had hardly been suspected. The significant feature of the Congress lay in the special session devoted to discussions by women delegates; non-Hebrews have been accustomed to consider that Jewish women were allowed little part either in religious ceremony or in political discussion, and the fact just quoted is for that reason somewhat surprising. Mrs. Gottheil, of New York, presided over the sessions of the women delegates; and they seemed to agree with her in favoring both the national and religious aspect of the Zionist movement. Among the more important speakers were Dr. Max Nordau and Sir Francis Montefiori.

The Northfield Conference

This year demonstrates by the numbers and the interest at Northfield that, among the enduring memorials of Mr. Moody's life, these annual Conferences will be as conspicuous and as influential as any. From across the sea and over the continent Northfield draws, as to a shrine, a multitude of earnest men and women, many of them youthful, who are seeking spiritual quickening and inspiration to Christian living. Among the notable addresses of the week mention is specially due to those of the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan on "Christian Ethics." He believed that the next great revival in the Church would be an ethical revival, and that it is already at hand, the outcome of an inward spiritual movement in the application of a renewed heart and thought to all the external details of our lives, in the family and society, in commerce and in politics. Self-preservation he held to be the first Christian law, as well as the first law of nature, but realized only by self-sacrifice, losing the narrower life to find the larger. Christ's first message to us concerns ourselves, laying his ethical code first on a man's thought and temper and tone. The righteousness of weights and measures depends on the righting of the inward center of all activity in a conscience obedient to Christ as its King. Mr. Morgan's addresses are to appear in the "Northfield Echoes," published at East Northfield, Mass. Another point of special interest was in the graduating exercises of the Mount Hermon School, which has numbered 588 pupils this year, though not able to receive all who have sought admission. In addressing the school the Rev. F. B. Meyer, referring to Mr. Moody's having committed it to his son, pledged to the son the full loyalty of his father's friends for the maintenance of his sacred charge. A memorial meeting specially commemorative of Mr. Moody's life and work was held on Thursday afternoon, when his intimate friends and helpers indulged in personal reminiscences of their departed leader. Among the new voices heard last week were those of Dr. Peyton H. Hoge, of Louisville, and Dr. Barnardo, of London, whose work in rescuing thousands of destitute children from physical suffering and moral ruin Mr. Moody regarded as the grandest

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philanthropy in England. An appeal for the lifting of the $10,000 debt on the Auditorium has already drawn out several $1,000 subscriptions. This year, as last, a second series of meetings—"a Post-Conference"—beginning August 21, is to continue for a fortnight.

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Religion in Porto Rico

Reports from Protestant endeavors in Porto Rico make particularly interesting reading, and point out the needs of that island, not only religiously, but also socially. The Methodists have already begun their work in the Spanish language at San Juan, Loisa, and Arecibo. In San Juan meetings in English are also carried on in a tented place for Americans, and in the capital, as elsewhere, educational and medical endeavors are being put forth by the Methodists. Of course this is but a beginning, and it is all the more so because four-fifths of the islanders are peasants who are widely scattered over the country. It is strange that the Spanish priests took so little trouble to reach these agricultural workers. Roman Catholic churches are found only in the towns and cities, and whenever any church rite is needed the distant parishioners must needs go to the priest, for, say the Methodist observers, the priest will rarely visit his parishioner, whether he be near or far. The Methodists believe rightly that their circuit system is well adapted to the needs of the islanders, especially as good saddle-ponies can be had cheap. The need for medical work is great; one of the leading physicians in the island declares that hardly one per cent. of those who die have medical attendance at or near death. The work in Porto Rico undertaken by the Congregationalists under the supervision of the American Missionary Association is largely educational, but the schools established are distinctly Christian schools. Those already established by this Association do not exist to supplement the public schools, as the latter must needs be entirely non-religious; indeed, any teacher discovered teaching any phase of religion forfeits his or her salary for that month. In the schools established by the American Missionary Association, however, while carefully selected American teachers insure good teaching of the ordinary branches, there is also a place for moral education, for simple religious exercises, and for Bible study. During the past school year this Association has had seven American teachers in the island, and its schools have enrolled over three hundred children. Other Protestant denominations are also showing activity; the Presbyterians have already four American teachers at Mayaguez; the Episcopalians and Baptists are also represented, and the Disciples of Christ also.

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An Ohio City's Religious Census

A religious census, under the direction of its Ministerial Association, has recently been taken in Youngstown, Ohio. This was mostly accomplished within one week by some two hundred and fifty volunteer workers from the dozen churches which actively co operated. The Roman Catholics co-operated passively by announcing the canvass in all their churches on the Sunday preceding and by requesting their people to treat the visitors courteously. With a small number of the two hundred and sixty-nine districts into which the city was divided yet unreported, the census indicates that the Roman Catholics are in the lead, with 11,493 adherents. The Methodist families follow next, with 8,037 adherents. The Presbyterians come third, with 4,127; the Lutherans next, with 3,587; then the Disciples of Christ, with 2,732; the Episcopalians have 2,070; the Reformed, 1,413; and the Congregational, 1,233 adherents. The remainder of the 42,626 persons represented in the census are divided, in varying proportions, among the Hebrew, United Evangelical, Christian Science, Christian Alliance, Latter-Day Saints, Adventist, Theosophist, Salvation Army, and Unitarian beliefs. Only 2,151 persons expressed themselves as having no church preference, and fewer than fifty persons were set down as refusing the information sought. Each canvasser bore with him an invitation from the churches and pastors to all visited to find a place in some one of the churches, a complete directory of which accompanied the invitation. The pastors and workers are now engaged in the further efforts made opportune and obligatory by

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the census, and already good results are reported. The census covered about seventy-five per cent. of the whole population of 58,000. It is worthy of special note, in view of the common current claims of widespread decline of interest in religion, that fewer than 2,500 persons, or less than six per cent. of the entire population, expressed no church preference. The disparity between a nominal and a truly interested relation to religious work on the part of a large proportion of the whole population, as measured by attendance at church service, is the one unfavorable lesson of an otherwise gratifying accomplishment.

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Women's Clubs and Civil Service Reform

A paper by Miss Perkins, of Concord, Massachusetts, which was read in part at the recent meeting of the Federation of Women's Clubs at Milwaukee, is continuing to receive attention because of the value of the suggestion it contains. Miss Perkins's proposition is that the time has come when the women's clubs of America, of which there are now over nine thousand, ought to make their influence felt toward promoting public measures making for a better National life. The measure which most needs to be urged, and which most easily can be urged without identifying the clubs with partisan politics, is, Miss Perkins urges, the reform of the civil service. This measure she urges, not as a scholastic reform designed to make public office the privilege of the well-schooled, but as a moral reform, "designed to secure the right of any well-equipped citizen, man or woman, irrespective of party, wealth, or influence, to serve the people in public office in town, State, or Nation." It is against the spirit of the "spoils system," she justly urges, that the moral force of the Federation of Women's Clubs should be directed. No one can defend the use of public money to pay for services to party, or, still worse, to pay for services to powerful individuals in the party; and if a larger disinterested public recognized the misappropriation of public funds involved in the system, appointments for merit would be more nearly the rule. Indeed, appointments for merit can never become the rule in any other way save through the awakened moral feeling of the disinterested public, and Miss Perkins's suggestion that the women's clubs be asked to consider this matter deserves the warmest commendation.

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The Paramount Political Issue

The Outlook, in an editorial published on June 9, declared that, in its judgment, the paramount political issue in the approaching Presidential campaign would be that presented by and involved in the foreign policy of the present Administration. This is called by the Democratic party in its platform the issue of imperialism. The name appears to us infelicitous, but that does not much matter. We agree with the Democratic party in regarding this as the paramount political issue. We said so four weeks before the Democratic party said so; and nothing has occurred since to change our opinion.

It is true that Professor Laughlin's article, heretofore reported in these columns, has shown good ground for the opinion that the currency question is not absolutely settled by legislation; there is still a possible peril of the free coinage of silver; but this peril is not so great as it was in 1896, both because a Democratic President would not have the unquestioned power he would have had in 1896 to put the country on a silver basis by a simple direction t the Secretary of the Treasury to pay the coin obligations of the Government in silver, and because the opposition to such a course within the Democratic party itself would be stronger now than it was then. There is peril to the credit and business of the country from this source, but it is not so great nor so imminent as in 1896. The question of trusts is simply the question of how to prevent combinations of capital from acquiring a control over the production and trade of the country which would be disastrous to individual enterprise and perilous to individual liberty. But that is a question which the Anglo-Saxon race has been dealing with ever since before the days of Blackstone, and it will not be settled by a Presidential election. For its settlement we must, in the main, depend on legislation

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rather than on executive action, on State legislation rather than on Federal legislation, and on public opinion and natural law more than on either. There is no tariff issue, for the simple reason that the Democratic party proposes no tariff policy. Thus, by a process of exclusion, we reach the conclusion that the Democratic party is right in saying that the issue which it miscalls imperialism is the paramount political issue. The only other question in the campaign which approximates it in importance is the personal question, whether the recognized leaders of the Republican or of the Democratic party are safer custodians of the National welfare.

Four years ago America confined its sovereignty strictly to this continent, and its political influence chiefly to this hemisphere. This is no longer true. Its authority is now maintained as supreme, for the time at least, in Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam, and the Philippines, and the Nation is co-operating with other world powers in assuming a degree of responsibility for the protection of life and property in China. No doubt this is a radical departure from the traditions of the fathers and the methods of the past. How is such a departure to be regarded? No wonder that this question gets different answers from men of different temperaments.

On the one hand are those who believe that the door of a larger life has been unmistakably opened before America and the responsibility of a larger life laid upon her. Some of these regret the fact, but still believe that it is a fact, and one which America should meet with courage and hopefulness. Others rejoice in the fact, and go forward into the new paths with exultation in the glory of the service which is involved. As business men they see before the Nation new commercial opportunities; as patriotic Americans, new glory in the expansion of the American Republic; as humanitarians, new opportunities to extend to other peoples those blessings of freedom, justice, and liberty which, though in imperfect measure, have been extended to men of every class within America's present boundaries; as Christians they expect from the new National development new opportunity to give to others that faith which is the inspiration of their own lives.

Such are the expansionists. On the other hand are those who view the new policy of the Nation with varying degrees of disfavor, from mild disapproval to intense detestation. Among these are those who dread innovations and are temperamentally opposed to departing from the methods and traditions of the past; those who doubt or disbelieve the capacity of America to assume any increased responsibilities; those who think that a Republic is necessarily incapacitated from being a world-power and sharing in world-obligations; those who fear the worst results from American influence because they are accustomed critically to contemplate the worst aspects of American life, who forget what has been done in Cuba by Ludlow, Wilson, and Wood, and remember only the postal frauds; and, finally, those who think that the highest and indeed the only service which a great country like America can render to an inchoate State like Cuba or an unorganized community like the Philippines is to leave it to itself, or, possibly, require other nations also to leave it to itself.

The issue presented by these conflicting and antagonistic opinions constitutes the paramount political issue in the present campaign. The Republican accepts, if he does not rejoice in, the new life on which the Nation is entering; and he hopes to see his country go on steadfastly and consistently in the new path. He is glad that the American flag floats over Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam, and the Philippines, and he does not wish to see it taken down; he hopes that Cuba will avail herself of her independence to enter into close relations with America; he desires to see both Cuba and Porto Rico Americanized; he believes that, despite some incidental evils, Christian civilization has done great things for Hawaii, and that the native Hawaiians are immeasurably better off than they were under their native kings; he believes that America is responsible for the protection of life and property in the Philippines, and he hopes that she will not evade or disavow that responsibility until a government has been organized which, under her leadership, shall prove itself competent to furnish such protection; and he is proud of the fact that his country is doing its share, with the other civilized powers, to quell mobocracy in China and maintain law and order there. The Democrat regrets that

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America was ever drawn into the new world-relations, and wishes that there were some way by which it could, with honor, escape from them; he hopes Cuba will be permanently independent; he wishes Porto Rico might become so; he regrets the annexation of Hawaii, even though he does not see how the mischief can be undone; he would be glad if any way could be discovered by which America could escape all responsibility for the Philippines, and desires her to shake off responsibility for them at the earliest possible moment; and if he would not absolutely call home the soldiers from China, he submits to their being there only under a silent protest. The issue thus joined is, we repeat, the paramount political issue of the present campaign.

In our judgment, the Republican party will make a great and perhaps a politically fatal mistake if it hopes to secure the election of Mr. McKinley by frightening the country from voting for Mr. Bryan. Even if the perils of so-called Bryanism were as great in 1900 as they were in 1896, the popular apprehension is not as great, and nothing can make it as great. The Republican party has been in power for four years, and in these four years has led the country into what is unquestionably a new departure. It has done great things, for good or for evil. It has put the American flag over Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam, and the Philippines; it has assumed in the name of America new and serious responsibilities in these islands; and it is joining with other world-powers in endeavoring to preserve some semblance of order and justice in China. This party is now about to come before the American people for their judgment on its work. The paramount issue in the campaign for every voter is, What shall that judgment be? If the Republican managers attempt to evade that issue, to escape it by attempting to substitute some other one, or to apologize for present conditions as though they were unavoidable evils, they will commit a most serious political blunder. If they are to win in this campaign, it will be by accepting the full responsibility for the new departure, and by persuading the American people that the policy of expansion means an added glory to the American flag and all that it represents, because it means enlarged wealth, enlarged power, enlarged responsibility, and enlarged service to the cause of justice, liberty, and humanity throughout the world.

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Pastoral Letters

II.—To a Young Minister

Ministers are often accused of cowardice; and that they are sometimes afraid of the sentiments which dominate their center pews, or their Board of Trustees, or their ecclesiastical authorities whatever they may be, is doubtless true. Ministers are but men; and that they should hesitate to speak when speaking not only threatens to deprive them of their salary and the wife and children of bread, but to embroil the church in controversy, to its possible lasting detriment and to the dishonor of the cause which it represents in the community, is natural enough. Yet, from a somewhat extended acquaintance with men of different professions, I am persuaded that ministers as a class are singularly free from personal cowardice. They are less afraid of their rich parishioners than doctors are of their rich patients, lawyers of their rich clients, politicians of their rich constituents, and even the immaculate editors, who satirize all vices but their own, of their rich advertisers. Let us admit, all of us, that caution is a virtue and cowardice a vice; that it is not always easy to discern the invisible line which separates the two; and that, when danger threatens us, caution seems to us much more excusable, not to say virtuous, than when a similar danger threatens our neighbor.

But though ministers are not more subject to personal cowardice than their fellows, they are peculiarly subject to what I may call intellectual timidity. They fear to be positive in their utterances lest, after all, their convictions should turn out to be erroneous. Dogmatic! the real trouble with the clergy is that they are not dogmatic enough; or fail to judge rightly when dogmatism is a virtue to be exercised and when a vice to be shunned. Their conscience is often a weakness, not a strength, being of the sort which "makes cowards of us all." The lawyer, having accepted his retainer, is no longer

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perplexed to determine which side he is on. He is not to ascertain and present the absolute truth; he is not to determine and urge absolute justice; he is to present with all the forces at his command one side, as though there were no other, and the judge and jury are, from the encounter of the two advocates, to determine what is truth and what justice requires. The politician, when he has once identified himself with his party, no longer wavers and hesitates between a gold and a silver standard. He is a Republican; his party has adopted a gold standard; his business is to use his energies to persuade his country to adopt it: or he is a Democrat; his party has reaffirmed 16 to 1; he is to extol its merits, or at least to minimize its perils. But the minister has, at least on many questions, no such aid to positiveness in his teaching. He has long pondered a question; he has read on both sides; he is conscientious in his desire to know the truth; open-minded to receive impressions; deals with infinite topics on which he humbly confesses to himself his inability to secure absolute knowledge; and is too apt to carry over into his preaching the uncertainty of mind which has been created by his open-mindedness in the study.

This, I am sure, is a mistake. Congregations want of their religious teachers, not doubts, not uncertainties, not questionings, not a balancing of probabilities; they want positive convictions. When, therefore, the minister has finished his investigation of a subject and reached a conclusion, even though it may be that the scales tip to one side only by the weight of a hair, he should take to his people only what the weightier scale contains. The minister should never take his scales into the pulpit with him. When he has decided, by whatever balance of probabilities, the question before him, let him concentrate all his powers on persuading his people of the truth of his conclusion; let him imitate the lawyer.

Am I recommending dishonesty? pretending to an assurance one does not feel? assuming a certainty for stage effect? No! a thousand times no! This letter was preceded by another letter in which I urged the preacher to study for the purpose of reaching a conclusion; in this I urge him, when he has reached a conclusion, to hold it firmly and teach it courageously. May he not, after all, be in error? Certainly he may. But it is better to teach error with strength than to teach nothing but uncertainties, questionings, and doubtings. We all know in fragments and we all prophesy in fragments; what I urge is that, when we prophesy a little fragment, we do it with all the vigor of which we are capable. For the lawyers have hit on a way of getting at the truth which, crude though it may be, is the only way in which we can ever get at it. The way the world of men reaches the truth is, not by finding an infallible umpire who sees all sides of every question and infallibly solves all questions for us, but by finding advocates each of whom sees something, and tells what he sees, and tries to make us see it also. The world would never know that the shield is both gold and silver if there were not eager knights on each side determined to make the world see what they see. Martin Luther and Johann Eck both did something to elucidate the truth; the middle men, who could not make up their mind whether to be Protestants or Roman Catholics, and spent all their lives in balancing the claims of the individual conscience and the Church without ever determining which outweighed the other, might as well have not lived at all for any influence they exerted on that problem in the life of Europe.

It is better to be a strenuous advocate of error than a perpetual balancer of probabilities with no conclusions reached. The teacher who is sure that God exists in three co-equal persons, the teacher who is sure that he exists only in one person, and the teacher who is sure that no one can be sure whether he exists in a tri-personality or a uni-personality, and that it is a matter of no consequence, can all of them exert some influence on the faith of the Church respecting the Trinity; but the preacher who does not know what to think, who is sometimes a Unitarian and sometimes a Trinitarian, and sometimes neither and sometimes both, who sees clearly only what there is to criticise in all theories, and therefore can teach nothing respecting any, has missed his vocation. Study to know; know definitely, know positively, know with assured conviction. Then tell us

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what you know, and keep your doubts and difficulties and questionings to yourself.

L. A.

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News and Literature

It is easy to overvalue passing phases of literary activity, and to discover in what may be called the accidents of a publishing season a significance which does not belong to them. The journalistic treatment of contemporaneous literary activity is often interesting and not always unprofitable; but its conclusions are to be accepted with great reserve. The reporter fastens his attention upon aspects and facts which are to be of interest the following morning; he cannot do otherwise, for his business is to photograph the incidents of one day for the readers of the next. Literature does not, however, yield itself to this kind of treatment, although constantly subjected to it. The newspaper cares for "Cyrano de Bergerac" because a multitude of people are seeing and talking about it; it is one of the prime interests of the hour. This immediate popularity may not, however, have any bearing upon the question of the literary quality of the play; that question will be settled by readers long after the daily journals have forgotten that there is such a play.

Mr. Kipling as a popular author furnishes material of various kinds for the reporter, but Mr. Kipling's books as literature do not interest that ubiquitous gentleman. The spectacle of the present Poet Laureate presenting fifty copies of his "Songs of England" to men on a transport on the eve of sailing for the Cape is proper food for the hilarity of the humorous editor and of moralization on the part of the meditative reader, but it is not a fact which will attract the attention of the future student of English literature. The news side of bookmaking is properly within the province of the newspaper; but no conclusions concerning the quality and value of a book can be reached by taking into account the space given to it, or to its writer, in current journalism. A great deal is said in the newspapers about Mr. Le Gallienne and very little about Mr. Aldrich; but no sane reader attaches any importance to this phenomenon from a literary point of view. Mr. Hall Caine receives far more attention at the hands of the news-writers than Mr. Maurice Hewlett, but here again the fact has no literary significance.

It is part of the wise economy of life that no amount of hopeful talking will give a poor book the reputation which the good book alone deserves, and no amount of newspaper attention secure for a second or third rate man the place which belongs to the man of real gift and quality. An impassable gulf is fixed between notoriety and fame; between that casual passing interest which holds the attention for a day, and that deep and abiding remembrance which mocks the envious years with its sublime indifference to time and change.

It is irrational to find fault with the newspaper because its treatment of art and artists lacks perspective and proportion; the newspaper does not pretend, in its news columns at least, to pay any attention to perspective and proportion; it simply reports facts which are interesting to its readers on the day and at the hour when that particular issue will come into their hands; and it ought to be added that, within certain bounds, this is perfectly legitimate journalism.

In this matter, however, as in most matters of daily reporting, the reader must supply the perspective, and bring to his reading a sense of relative values. Where the newspaper gives him columns about Mr. Caine, and brief and occasional paragraphs about Mr. Hewlett, he must not permit himself to be deceived with regard to the relative rank of these gentlemen as men of letters. The newspaper reporter does not pretend to treat writers from the literary point of view; he treats them solely from the journalistic point of view. Let that be understood, and the reader is not misled. It sometimes happens that the two lines of interest run together, and the reader who cares only for news and the reader who cares only for art find themselves possessed of a common interest. It is always a piece of good fortune when the great public is interested in the great man; when it cares for Dickens rather than for Ouida, for instance; for Tennyson rather than for Tupper; for the "Scarlet Letter" rather than for "The Prince of India;" for "Silas Lapham" rather than for "Mr. Potter of Texas." It is a piece of good fortune when general interest fastens itself upon great and last-

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ing qualities rather than upon accidents of subject, eccentricities of manner, violations of confidence, or those vulgarities which possess attraction for certain minds because of their audacity; and it is encouraging that in a number of recent instances this has happened. It is always more profitable to read about great men than about small men; about men whose work speaks for them than about those men who speak for themselves.

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Work and Rest

It is beginning to be thoroughly understood that the summer rest is an integral part of the working year; that vacations are not matters of favor and ought not to be matters of caprice; on the basis of pure working power they are in the last degree necessary as a business investment. Every man owes it to himself to take summer rest; every employer owes it to his own interests to give his employees a summer rest; for work is not simply the mechanical doing of the things which are put into one's hands; it is the expression of freshness, intelligence, and devotion through skill; and these qualities can be transferred only when one has them in abundance. The jaded man, however conscientious, cannot give his work the element of interest and of power which the man of fresh spirit puts into it. In fact, fatigue is fatal to excellence in work. When a man tires of his work, he is no longer able to do it well, no matter how conscientious he may be. The secret of growth is the constant renewal of one's interest in what one is doing. The explanation of arrested development and of decline is the ebb of the tide of interest in one's work. The man whose interest is fresh is always in the way of development, and must, by a psychological law, not only retain but enlarge his fund of original power. So long as a man cares supremely for the thing he is doing, and does it because it is a pleasure to him, he will not only do it well, but with increasing efficiency. This is a prime law of the working world, and must be taken into account by every man who wishes to get the most and best out of himself and the best and most out of others.

It is for this reason that rest is absolutely essential; it is for this reason that vacations have come to be recognized as forming an integral part of the working year and not as simple expressions of philanthropic interest in others. A man must go to a distance from his work and the field in which he does it to see either in true perspective. The tired mind loses the power of judging accurately either its own efficiency or the best methods by which that efficiency can be expressed; it has been held so long and so closely to its task that it can no longer see the task in its entirety; it becomes absorbed in details. It is essential to deal with details thoroughly and skillfully, but the great workman is not made great by his mastery of details; that which gives his work its power is the continual vision of the completed task which enables him to adjust each part to its fellow, and to charge the details with the informing spirit of the whole; for the man who deals with the highest skill with any kind of work is not only a manual but a spiritual worker. He is, above all, a builder and an architect. He knows how to lay the foundations, but he has continually in mind the completed structure; and so he works by the inspiration of an idea as well as by the guidance of a rule. To get away from one's work and look at it from a distance is as essential as to take a vacation from it. When work begins to press too keenly, and to drive the worker instead of inspiring him, it is time to drop the task and flee from it; for the sense of pressure is the beginning of slavery.

In a word, work needs to be continually spiritualized if it is to be saved from drudgery. The drudge has conscience and devotion, but lacks insight, freshness, power, joy, and the ability to grow. The world is full of painstaking, overburdened people; what it needs is an army of fresh, enthusiastic workers, full of the contagion of the spirit of joy in work. In the great army of drudges there are many whom conditions have fixed in their places, and who cannot escape into the freedom of intelligent and spontaneous work; but there are many more who are drudges simply from lack of intelligence in regard to their work, who need to be emancipated, not by being set free from the necessity of working, but by gaining a true idea of what work stands for in human education and what it means to the individual worker.

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The Spectator

What is the charm of China—that is, for Europeans? Why is it that not infrequently they prefer—have preferred would be better just now—living there to living here at home in civilized America? This question has puzzled the Spectator, for he can call to mind two cases of the preference in his personal acquaintance which struck him as unusual. One was that of the widow of a missionary, who came home to educate her family. After her children had grown up, she at sixty crossed the continent and the Pacific to marry an aged missionary, a widower. Although some of her children were in China, others were in this country; and here she had a congenial circle of friends, large opportunity for the kind of activities she loved best—"doing good"—and a sufficient income for her modest wants. Undoubtedly she would honestly think, and say, if asked, that her chief motive was devotion to missionary work, as assuredly it was. But the Spectator suspects that the charm of the life as she found it in China was a strong contributing influence.

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The other case was quite different. It was that of a young woman, the daughter of wealthy parents, whose husband was an official of the Imperial Customs Service under Sir Robert Hart. Her father, while making her a prolonged visit some four or five years ago, was struck even then by the signs of hostility to foreigners; for example, the natives would spit at Europeans, where they dared to, in the less frequented parts of Tientsin. He was so much impressed by the danger of life in China that he made his son-in-law a fine business offer, to remove any financial objections to returning to America. The son-in-law's consent was easily obtained, but the daughter yielded only out of regard for her father. Life in China seemed then to her far more attractive than life in America.

❀

Her preference appeared to the Spectator inexplicable until he laid the case before a friend, a woman. She largely cleared up the mystery in a sentence. "They don't have any 'housekeeping problem' in China, do they?" she asked. Later the Spectator talked over the charm of China with his friend the son-in-law, and found that the perfection of the Chinese domestic service goes far toward making life there "very comfortable" for Europeans.

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"You see," the Spectator's friend continued, "giving a dinner in China means simply telling your major-domo that you want to give one. You don't have to bother about it further. So dinner-giving, formal and informal, is a feature of the life. The pick of a very good market—I refer to the treaty ports—is at your disposal, and what in America might be called 'high living' is a commonplace. The foreign residents, leading of course an isolated life, draw close together as a community, and form a charming social circle. They are, as a rule, true cosmopolites, well educated, well bred, representing all nationalities (twenty are represented in the Shanghai colony), cultured by travel, careful of etiquette, fond of sport, in short, people of the world, delightful to meet in their variety, all more or less on an equality, without the very rich to arouse envy or the very poor to excite pity. Then there is no pressure, no 'hustle,' such as we have here. All business stops at four o'clock in the afternoon, and from then until seven o'clock, the dinner hour, you have your choice of your favorite sport or diversion—riding, driving, boating, tennis, and cricket."

❀

Of course, like every one else, the Spectator's friend had an unbounded admiration for Sir Robert Hart, the Inspector-General of Imperial Maritime Customs, "always referred to in conversation as 'the I. G.'" No wonder Sir Robert won the place he held in the esteem of the court, for "with the customs revenue as security, the Chinese Government could always negotiate a loan." Sir Robert "not only created and directed the customs service," said the Spectator's friend, "but also the lighthouse department, the revenue cruiser service for policing harbors, the imperial postal system, and the customs service in Korea, while he was frequently called upon to negotiate foreign treaties. His apartments in Pekin were spacious and his hospitality was generous. A curious feature

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of his dinners was the excellent music of his own Chinese orchestra trained by a foreign director. Yet he himself is in manner modest and in disposition retiring, while, being under the average size, he is in appearance far from impressive, does not look the man he is. What his salary was no foreigner in China ever knew. Rumor had it that it was $200,000 a year. If so, he was more than worth every cent of it."

❀

As his friend was talking, the Spectator's thought turned to the reverse of the picture, to the present loneliness of China. That thought concerned not so much the resident Europeans, who do not know where the cruel hate of the foreigners is next to break out, as the civilized Chinaman himself, the man who is far more of a type of isolation than the European, though isolated in his own country. A certain experience of two other friends came back to the Spectator. They were traveling in China, and desired to take a trip in a house-boat off the usual route. They were warned by the viceroy that it would be dangerous for them to try it unless accompanied by a mandarin and a guard. To their surprise, they found that the mandarin assigned to them had a perfect command of English. Next they discovered that he was one of the boys selected for an American education at the Chinese college established through Mr. Yung Wing's efforts at Hartford—the experiment which was so unfortunately abandoned by the Chinese Government after too short a trial to test its value. This young Chinaman was called home before his college course had been completed, and sent to a province where he seldom met a European.

❀

His joy at the opportunity of traveling for days with Americans, and of renewing old and dear associations (for one of the two Americans chanced to be a Hartford man), was something beyond description. On the deck of the house-boat the three sat evening after evening, floating along a river in interior China, chatting, and singing college songs and Moody and Sankey hymns, with which the mandarin was as familiar as the two Americans themselves. The one thing that he missed most in China, he said, was the society of educated women. The bright talk of the Hartford girls whom he knew when a boy was to him the most charming experience of his life. His present isolation he described as complete. Officials of his own rank distrusted him because of his American education, and his relations with them stopped with the transaction of official business. He was sure that, in the case of an anti-foreign outbreak, he would be the first to be marked for execution for murder, perhaps for torture. His parting with his American friends at the end of the jaunt was inexpressibly pathetic.

❀

Many causes combined to frustrate the purpose of the college at Hartford, the far-seeing, patriotic scheme of Mr. Yung Wing (himself a graduate of Yale in the class of 1859, if memory serves), for giving China successive generations of modern officials, the Chinese education being carried on simultaneously at the Hartford college. Few, perhaps, know that the scheme finally received its *congé* by the cutting off of a queue—the queue of the son of one of the resident Chinese commissioners. This young man, who had entered Yale, was foolishly sensitive at wearing the queue, the mark of his official position as a Government student, inconspicuously as it was worn by all the students, who tucked it under the coat. The idea struck him that if he could be hazed, and his queue cut off by his fellow-students, he could be rid of responsibility as well as the queue. His student friends were only too ready to do the hazing; but, unluckily, his contributory negligence, as they say in law, was suspected and practically established.

❀

The callousness of the Chinese character, of which so much is being made, was rather amusingly encountered by a friend of the Spectator who lives in California. When the Yellow River flood carried off its thousands, he attempted to break the news gently to his cook, as it must, he thought, shock a Chinaman to learn that so many of his fellow-countrymen had miserably perished. So he approached the climax of horror by degrees, expecting a perhaps passionate outbreak. But the cook's only comment was the eminently practical reflection: "Plentee Chinaman left."

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Lord Roberts's March to Pretoria[1]

III.—In Johannesburg

By James Barnes

Special Commissioner for The Outlook in South Africa

THE way appeared to be perfectly clear to Johannesburg. The road ran along the route of the mine-shafts, and, although it was quite early in the morning, a string of bicyclists were coming out from the town, and they passed us in the road. One of them whom we stopped and spoke to had a copy of the "Standard and Diggers' News" of the day's issue in his pocket. To our amazement, it said nothing of the surrender of the town, and we perceived that it still claimed victory for the Boers, stating that "Generals French, Hutton, and Hamilton had been blocked in their attempt to enter the city from the south," and mentioning merely incidentally that "the English were in force northeast of town, and had gained possession of the outskirts of Elandsfontein and Germiston."

We had been told that the army was to be paraded at ten o'clock, and that the forces would enter formally to take over the city. In accordance with this, we had started about nine o'clock along the main road. But we had met no troops. The Eleventh Division seemed to be still in camp on the hills above Germiston; no pickets had challenged us, and no one had warned us that it was unsafe to proceed further.

The string of bicyclists, and an occasional grocer's or baker's cart coming out with loaves of bread to sell to the camp, nevertheless made it all seem so peaceful that we determined to push on.

When we crossed the railway near the Rose Deep Mine, we were halted by two men in a light cape cart. They had a white flag tied to a stick set in the whip-socket. One of them looked at our khaki uniforms.

"I advise you not to go on any further," he said. "The Boers still hold possession of the hills back there, and they are in force in the town. The Transvaal flag is still flying at the fort."

"We thought the place had surrendered. At least we were told so," said one of the correspondents.

"Dr. Krause, the special Commandant, has gone out to see Lord Roberts to arrange for terms or an armistice. I believe there will be no entry or attack made until to-morrow."

He drove on back the road we had traveled toward Elandsfontein. Evidently the gentleman was some one in authority. We stopped and held a council of war. Some officers who were also bound into Johannesburg to see about supplies joined us. Hearing what we had to tell, they turned back without more to-do.

Two correspondents had already ridden in. That we knew, for the bicyclists had reported meeting them entering the city. As we were standing there talking, and not making up our minds to anything, a man in khaki on a fine bay horse came riding into the road from a lane. At first we thought that he was one of the colonial officers, but as he drew nearer we perceived that he wore shiny black boots and black shoulder-knots. The turned-up flap of his broad-brimmed hat was held in place by the Transvaal emblem made of silver. One look at his face with its fierce military mustaches showed him to be a German and an officer. He saluted.

"I wouldn't go on any further, gentlemen," he said. "It might produce trouble."

Then he introduced himself as captain of the Rand police. He was quite willing to answer questions, and he stated his opinion that Johannesburg did not mean to make a resistance. But, then, it was full of the riffraff of the Boer army anxious to have some excuse for an outbreak. A stubborn old commandant with about five hundred men was also in the hills, and had stated that he would defend his position to the last.

So the five newspaper men who made up our party determined to curb their

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impatience and to wait until the way was clear. But, as I said, it all looked so peaceful and quiet that one could not escape the impression that there was a hoax somewhere; that they were having fun with us.

Three women were hanging up clothes to dry in the back yard of a near-by cottage, and one was singing as she worked. The level white road, stretching straight away for miles, was deserted except for a bicyclist or a cart or two. There were no soldiers or Boers to be seen. The day was clear and bright, and from almost all of the mine chimneys the smoke was lifting.

Two of our party were in citizen's clothes; the rest of us were in the semi-military uniform of the war correspondent, which, for obvious reasons, it is safer to wear in active campaigning.

A man with a dinner-pail walking along the road stopped and listened to our conversation. He was evidently employed in one of the neighboring mines, for he had a greasy engineer's cap on, and a stained jumper beneath his coat.

Apropos of going forward, one of our party remarked that "he did not wish to go to Pretoria right away."

The man with the dinner-pail spoke up suddenly.

"You don't stand so good a chaunst of goin' to Pretoria as you do to St. 'Elena. You stay 'ere long enough an' you'll be sent there."

We broke into a laugh. The gentleman with a cockney accent had actually taken us for Boers!

I think that decided the matter, and the unanimous opinion was that we had better not go forward. But we compromised. We would stay where we were. So we adjourned to the office of the Deep Mine, and, meeting the manager, we were all politely invited over to his house to partake of refreshments.

It was a pretty little villa standing back from a stretch of green lawn and shrubbery, and it might have been at Morristown or Orange or any American suburban town—in fact, it insensibly reminded me of home. There were home pictures on the walls, and home photographs on the mantelpiece. The manager was an American. A neat maid-servant in a cap waited on us. The manager wound up an American talking and musical machine that gave us Sousa's orchestra, a negro chorus, and at last "God Save the Queen."

Suddenly our friend of the Rand police appeared. We had forgotten all about our surroundings, and were listening to some stories of the time when the Uitlanders were forced over the border. But because of what the captain said it was decided not to prolong our stay much longer, as he informed us that the two bold correspondents who had gone in, despite the warning, had both been captured. So we went out in the road.

There was an excited, farmer-looking chap there, who came up and spoke to us in company with one of the clerks of the mining office. There were some Boers in the hollow not five minutes' ride from where we were, he told us. They had fired at some gentlemen in khaki, and one was lying dead near his house and the other lay back on the hillside. If we climbed the mine tower with him, he would show us the exact spot. We toiled up the wooden stairway, and had a fine view of the country. One of the mine employees accompanied us.

"There," said the farmer, pointing, "the Boers are over in that sluit. That's my house near the trees there. Man, but I had hard work to get away! If you bring up soldiers on this road and others across the hill, you can capture them. There are only seven."

"Who are they?" asked the clerk from the office.

"Oh, there's Willy Van Buren, and the two Dietrichs, and Dirk Van something or other." He mentioned them all by name. They were evidently neighbors of his.

That very afternoon, as I was going over to the censor's, I met this same fellow coming in to give up his own rifle. He sighted me and asked me to come to the Provost-Marshal's office with him to put in a good word, saying that he had come to the road to warn us.

As we turned to go back to Elandsfontein we met some scouts who had been out on the hills. They also reported that the Boers were there. One of them had in tow a captured Rand policeman, who appeared to be more grieved and disgusted than chagrined at his position. He stoutly proclaimed that he was "no blooming Boer."

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In fact, the Rand police seemed to have occupied a neutral position during all the unpleasantness, and well indeed had they guarded the companies' interests.

We passed a handsome young fellow in a gray corduroy suit, cut military fashion, galloping in toward Johannesburg. The scouts stopped him, but he had a pass.

"Lord Roberts's orders are, gentlemen, that no one shall go into Johannesburg," he said, politely. "An armistice has been declared until ten o'clock to-morrow."

He was Commandant Krause's military secretary. He bade us good-day and galloped on.

That night we spent at the little rickety hotel again, and the next morning we moved toward Johannesburg; this time with more success, although we were stopped on the road by a Boer ambulance doctor with a huge Red Cross flag, who informed us that some of the foreign legion were still in town and wished to fight.

As the Mounted Infantry were going in over the hills, I rode over and joined them. We passed by the water-works and came in through Parktown, with its maze of little lanes and wooden cottages, toward the fort. The Transvaal flag was still flying, but the Boers had no objection to its coming down. And shortly the Mounted Infantry entered under the portcullis, and there was a little ceremony.

The English flag had replaced the Vierkleur. There was an expectant crowd waiting outside. It was strange to see so many English sympathizers; one hardly expected it.

Even among the Boers who had determined to remain and give up their arms there was no sign of downheartedness. The flag had been lifted to the top of the flagstaff in a little ball. The wind caught it and blew it out before the officers on the inside of the fort were ready. The crowd burst into a cheer.

"The colors seem to be in a bit of a hurry," remarked one of the Queensland Mounted Infantrymen.

"They can't be in too much of a hurry for me," put in another. "I want to get home."

"That's what I want to do," remarked a young Boer standing by. "I want to go home."

A Boer lieutenant of artillery, in a gray uniform with a profusion of black braid, conducted the ceremonies for the Boers. It was easy to see that his training had been that of the European school. But the rest of the sixty-odd men who put down their arms were the usual farmer lads, cowboy-looking fellows and clerks, that one meets with on commando.

I left the fort before the Mounted Infantry started, and rode alone down the hill through the streets, asking my way to the market-place.

It was just past ten o'clock, and the armistice was over. The flag on the fort had proclaimed Johannesburg British property, but Lord Roberts and the troops had not yet arrived. The streets were thronged with an orderly crowd.

There were scores of wild-looking Kaffirs from the mine compounds, with blankets thrown toga-wise over their black shoulders. They alone seemed to be in any degree excited. The market square was deserted when at last I reached it, the great concourse having gathered in the open space before the public buildings.

Going to a little restaurant to get a bite to eat, I found two old Boers sitting in a corner. One was in deep grief. The other was endeavoring to comfort him. The proprietress of the place was English, and she greeted me pleasantly. It seemed that I was the first man in khaki she had seen. She insisted upon my writing my name in the pages of an autograph album. One of the old Dutchmen turned round and spoke to me. He lifted his hat in foreign fashion.

"When will Lord Roberts come?"

I replied that I did not know—that I had expected to find him already in the town.

He turned and slapped the disconsolate one on the knee.

"Man!" said he in English. "Cheer up. We must go out and see it."

"I want to see nothing," replied the other; and then he looked at me. "This is the most unhappy day of *my* life," he said. "You must believe me."

I intimated that things were not so bad, and that the inevitable had better be accepted.

"Well," said he, "this is not Pretoria. You will have to fight before you get there."

"No, they won't," replied the other old

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fellow. "They will walk right in—the way they did here."

They almost fell to quarreling over it. I turned to pay the large woman, who had gone behind the counter, and, lo and behold! she was bedight in a red, white, and blue cockade, with streamers down to her waist.

Then I went out on the street, and headed for the public buildings. The approaches were packed, and a great jostling crowd filled the square. A few of the advance guard had already arrived, and there were some mining police in their neat uniforms, the captain of the Fire Brigade, and Dr. Krause, the young commandant, to whose forethought and ability the order of the city and safety of property had been due.

From down the street mounted men in khaki appeared, in charge of an officer. They cleared the square and kept the crowd back. The cheering had already started, but it was mingled with "booos" and hisses.

But when Lord Roberts and his staff appeared there arose a shout that drowned all signs of discontent.

I had read of the forced exit of the Uitlanders, and how they were packed into open trucks and sent over the border. But the cheers sounded loyal enough, and presaged well for the future. A guard of honor appeared, and the field-music took a position to one side of the flagstaff, on which the Transvaal flag was still floating.

There was little ceremony and no speech-making. Down came one color and up went the other—a little silken emblem that was soon replaced by a huge Union Jack. The Field-Marshal, baring his head, led the cheers. The soldiers lifted their helmets on the point of their bayonets in the rare old fashion. A bugle sounded the key of G, and they sang "God Save the Queen."

The staff sang, and the mounted men sang, and the grimy marching fellows of the guard of honor sang, too. Even a few in the crowd joined in. But the Boer special policemen sat glum on their horses.

One of them, in the uniform of a major, leaned over and spoke to an acquaintance in the crowd.

"I wish you would tell my friends," he said, "that I am not here by my own wish. I am here for politeness. I have been invited, and I had to come."

There was a huge sunburned man walking about with a red, white, and blue ribbon for a hat-band. He was talking to one of the troopers in a broad Irish accent.

Before very long that man was in jail. He was Captain O'Reilly, of the Irish scouts, on the Boer side.

An Indian in a turban came up to one of the officers and salaamed.

"Sahib," said he, "I was the sahib's friend's servant in Quetta."

"And what dost thou here?"

"I came from India with my master, who is away and could not return. I have stayed here with the memsahib and the children."

This was translated to me afterward by the officer, for it was spoken in Hindustani. But it was a strange little sidenote upon the condition of affairs.

The march past began. The Eleventh Division had come in, in double time, almost six miles. They streamed through the crowded, narrow streets, hot and almost breathless. But, somehow, I seemed to look at them in a new light. Maybe it was the music, or maybe it was the feeling of the day, that made them step out with the old swing and drop the footsore, plodding gait.

They went past quickly, and the artillery trundled after them, rumbling about the corner with five or six miles still ahead to go, to the positions in the outlying hills.

In two or three hours the crowds melted away. The regiments that had been left to do police duty had posted their pickets, the Boer policemen were patrolling the streets, the Kaffirs had been huddled back to their locations, and everything was quiet.

But from scores of flagstaffs and from the principal hotels the Union Jack was flying.

Johannesburg was English.

Now, I say English, but it is more American in appearance than anything else. Almost all African towns, in fact, have reminded me of the Middle West. This was Omaha or Kansas City. The place, despite the boarded-up condition of many of the shops and offices, had a business-like air. It looked new and prosperous.

One could understand why the million-

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aires were all such young men. Money had been made here recently. The city had jumped into existence.

Even the suburbs, with their handsome residences, gave the same effect. The hedges were small. Many villas were of the built-to-rent order, with pretentious little gables and auger-hole decorations.

There was nothing Dutch about it. It lacked the dignity of age or the repose of long occupation. Except for the surrounding kopjes, except for the mine-shafts and débris-heaps, it was characterless.

Yet it was Johannesburg, the city of speculation, of hustle and worry and exciting drama, and it was underlaid with gold.

That is why the people were there, and that is why it existed.

And that is why—says the peaceful Boer farmer—all the trouble occurred.

On the 2d of June the movement began on Pretoria, to be described next week.

The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews

XII.—The Proverbs of the Hebrews

By Lyman Abbott

THE Book of Proverbs is a collection of apothegms, proverbial sentences, proverbial paragraphs, odes, sonnets, as gathered out of the utterances of some centuries of Hebrew thought. These sentences, or odes, or paragraphs, do not express the ideals of Israel, nor its hopes or its expectations, nor its philosophy, nor its creed. They express simply the result of the observation of keen-eyed men of affairs. They are called the Proverbs of Solomon, not because Solomon wrote them all—the book expressly says he did not—but because he, so to speak, set the fashion of coining wisdom into proverbial phraseology. That this is the object and the character of the book is apparent on what would be its title-page if the book were rightly printed—what is in point of fact presented as its title-page in Professor Moulton's "Modern Reader's Bible:" [1]

> The proverbs of Solomon, the son of David, king of Israel:
> To know wisdom and instruction;
> To discern the words of understanding;
> To receive instruction in wise dealing,
> In righteousness and judgment and equity;
> To give subtlety to the simple,
> To the young man knowledge and discretion;
> That the wise man may hear, and increase in learning;
> And that the man of understanding may attain unto sound counsels;
> To understand a proverb, and a figure;
> The words of the wise and their dark sayings.

We are not, then, to look in the Book of Proverbs for philosophy or theology of any kind whatever; if we do look for it there, we shall not find it. Theology is the science of religion, and the Book of Proverbs is not scientific. It contains no creed, and no elements out of which a creed can be formed. It contains no ethical system, and no elements out of which an ethical system can be formed. It is not and does not purport to be scientific. There is in it no hint of what are called the great doctrines of Christianity; such as Trinity, Revelation, Inspiration, Divine Sovereignty, and the like; no system of life, such as we find in the Sermon on the Mount. It does not contain any of the great ideals of the Hebrew people. It never refers to Israel as the chosen people of God; contains no suggestion of a coming Messiah—the great hope of Israel; does not suggest the immortality of the soul. It makes only four or five references to sacrifice, and practically none at all to either the ceremonial law or the temple service. It contains references to the moral law, but in the main—there are exceptions—it seeks the sanction of the moral law in prudential considerations, not where the idealist seeks them, in loyalty to God or to righteousness and goodness. Righteousness is, in the language of this

[1] Proverbs i., 1-6.

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book, wisdom; sin is folly. It recognizes a personal God, and yet it has little to say about him. In other words, the point of view of the writers of the Proverbs is the point of view of a man who takes this life as it actually is, describes it as it is, and gives the result of his observation, telling us not what ought to be but what is. There are better books than the Book of Proverbs for the conduct of public worship; better books for the inspiration of private devotion; better books for the inspiration of high ideals; but there is no better book in the Bible for a young man to take who desires to guide himself by wise counsels with reference to this present life. It is practical, not ideal. Poetical sometimes in form, its pictures are taken from the common experiences of life; its body is prose. Compare, for example, the psalm of praise to the Creator, the God of nature, in the Psalms, and the ode of praise to Wisdom as the Creator, in the eighth chapter of Proverbs. This contrast between the Proverbs and the Psalms is, perhaps, still more strikingly brought out in the representation of the two paths of life which they each offer, the one in the first Psalm, the other in the fourth chapter of Proverbs.

Sometimes there is only a contrast, sometimes there is an apparent conflict, between the idealist and the practical observer. Has not the reader sometimes revolted at the following extract from the first chapter of Proverbs? I often did in my boyhood days. The picture it called up when I thought wisdom was identical with Jehovah was as a nightmare to me:

WISDOM'S WARNING [1]

How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity?
And scorners delight them in scorning,
And fools hate knowledge?
Turn you at my reproof:
Behold, I will pour out my spirit unto you,
I will make known my words unto you.
Because I have called, and ye refused;
I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded;
But ye have set at nought all my counsel,
And would none of my reproof:
I also will laugh in the day of your calamity;
I will mock when your fear cometh;
When your fear cometh as a storm,
And your calamity cometh on as a whirlwind;
When distress and anguish come upon you.
Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer;
They shall seek me diligently, but they shall not find me;
For that they hated knowledge,
And did not choose the fear of the Lord:
They would none of my counsel;
They despised all my reproof:
Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way,
And be filled with their own devices.

Is that what Jehovah says of himself? Is this the God who sent his own Son into the world that he might save men who rejected him? Is this the God depicted in the parable of the prodigal son as coming forth to meet the boy who has thrown away his life and bring him back to manhood again? Does he say, I will laugh at their calamity, I will not hear when they call upon me? To think that is blasphemy! No, not Jehovah—wisdom! This is the picture of life as the writer has actually seen it, as we have all seen it. The young man had wise counsels given to him, was told that if he persisted in his present career he would certainly bring evil on himself, but was headstrong, was wiser than his father, would pursue his own self-will, has done so, has ruined himself, is dishonored and disgraced in his own eyes and in the eyes of all men. And now all those counsels come flocking about him like ghosts; all that forgotten wisdom comes to taunt him; that past says to him, "I told you so." His father may not say so, his mother may not say so—if they are wise they will not; but life says so. And then, while all these ghosts of the wisdom of the past are taunting him, while they are recalling to him his folly and scourging him with whips like scorpions, then comes to him the voice of Jehovah, as it is interpreted by the idealist:

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.[1]

Abundantly pardon. The writer of Proverbs shows forth but the thoughts of man, the prophet shows forth the thoughts

[1] Proverbs i., 22-31.

[1] Isaiah lv., 6-9.

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of God; and God's thoughts are not our thoughts, neither are his ways our ways. The Book of Proverbs is true; and when man has drunk the cup of pleasure, has trodden the path of greed, has walked the way of ambition, the counsels of wiser men will come back to haunt him, and jeer at him, and mock him. And the Book of Isaiah is true; the author also has known this experience, and looks back with bitterness upon wasted years. The message of the idealist brings a hope of recovery: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and let the unrighteous man forsake his thoughts, and let him return unto Jehovah; for he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

In such a collection of the wise sayings of keen observers as the Book of Proverbs we find much that is satirical and humorous. "The Proverbs," says W. J. Beecher, of Auburn Theological Seminary, "are remarkably rich in humor, though this is a fact which most readers fail to appreciate by reason of our accustomed solemn way of looking at everything in the Bible"—a sentence from an orthodox professor in a Presbyterian seminary to be commended to those who think it irreverent to find mirth in a book which distinctly commends mirth. Turn to a few of these proverbs which contain satire upon life; a few out of many must suffice to illustrate their spirit:

Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble
Is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint.[1]

You relied on your tooth to feed you; it is broken. You relied on your foot to carry you, and at every step you take you cringe with pain. Like the broken tooth, like the foot out of joint, is the friend you relied upon to stand by you in the time of trouble, who fled away and left you.

He that passeth by, and vexeth himself with strife belonging not to him,
Is like one that taketh a dog by the ears.[2]

Why? Because when one has gotten a cross dog by the ears he cannot let go. When one once gets into a controversy that does not belong to him, it is not easy to get out of it. Parallel to this is the Chinese motto: Riding the tiger—hard riding, but impossible to get off.

A continual dropping in a very rainy day
And a contentious woman are alike:
He that would restrain her restraineth the wind,
And his right hand encountereth oil.[1]

He cannot stop her; and if he tries to do it, she slips away from him and begins again in another strain.

Proverbs are necessarily fragments of truth. They are often, therefore, untrue, if they are measured by scientific standards, and they are sometimes self-contradictory. The writer of Proverbs does not hesitate to put down the contradictions of personal experience and leave the scientist to deal with them as best he can, as in this familiar proverb:

Answer not a fool according to his folly,
Lest thou also be like unto him.[2]
Answer a fool according to his folly,
Lest he be wise in his own conceit.[3]

Both of those experiences are common in controversies. The net result from the contrast is this: Do not answer him at all.

The Book of Proverbs contains pictures of life, Meissonier pictures—small, compact, brilliant in color. Sometimes these pictures from different parts of the book are put in strong contrast:

A PROSPEROUS FARMER

Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks,
And look well to thy herds:
For riches are not forever;
And doth the crown endure unto all generations?
The hay is carried,
And the tender grass showeth itself,
And the herbs of the mountains are gathered in.
The lambs are for thy clothing,
And the goats are the price of the field:
And there will be goats' milk enough for thy food,
For the food of thy household;
And maintenance for thy maidens.[4]

This is a pretty, simple, idyllic picture of an industrious, prosperous farmer. Read, in contrast to this picture, of a different kind of farmer:

THE FIELD OF THE SLOTHFUL

I went by the field of the slothful,
And by the vineyard of the man void of understanding;
And, lo, it was all grown over with thorns,
And the face thereof was covered with nettles,
And the stone wall thereof was broken down.
Then I beheld, and considered well:
I saw, and received instruction.
Yet a little sleep, a little slumber,
A little folding of the hands to sleep:

[1] Proverbs xxv., 19. [2] Proverbs xxvi., 17. [3] Proverbs xxvi., 5. [4] Proverbs xxvii., 23-27.

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So shall thy poverty come as a robber;
And thy want as an armed man.[1]

The great danger of proverbs is that they will become false, because superficial; cynical, because they do not look below the surface. Thus one of the great proverb-makers of literature—Rochefoucauld—abundantly illustrates this danger in proverbial literature: "Gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come;" "We all have strength enough to bear other people's troubles;" "Repentance is not regret for ill done by us, but fear of ill yet to come upon us;" "Love of justice is fear of suffering injustice." Yet more cynical are some of those of Chamfort: "The public! How many fools does it take to make a public?" "Celebrity is the advantage of being known to people who do not know you." But the Book of Proverbs is not cynical. It is satirical, but never misanthropic. In it are a great faith and a real hope. The writers of these proverbs do give, it is true, the fruit of observation, but an observation tempered and illuminated by insight. Compare, for example, these two counsels—one from the Book of Proverbs, the other from the teachings of Jesus Christ:

PROVERBS

Put not thyself forward in the presence of the king,
And stand not in the place of great men:
For better it is that he said unto thee, Come up hither;
Than that thou shouldest be put lower in the presence of the prince,
Whom thine eyes have seen.[2]

JESUS CHRIST

When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding, sit not down in the highest room; lest a more honorable man than thou be bidden of him, and he that bade thee and him come and say to thee, Give this man place; and thou begin with shame to take the lowest room. But when thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest room; that when he that bade thee cometh, he may say unto thee, Friend, go up higher: then shalt thou have worship in the presence of them that sit at meat with thee.[3]

Paul counsels his readers against wrath: "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."[4] But the author of these ancient proverbs had said almost the same thing years before: "If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and Jehovah shall reward thee."[1] And yet there is a characteristic difference. Paul does not promise any reward. The author of the Book of Proverbs does. The prudential spirit, the utilitarian spirit, is in the counsel of the Book of Proverbs; in the time of Paul it has disappeared.

And yet the writers of these proverbs are not, properly speaking, agnostics. They write from the point of view of present time, but not from the point of view of men who are *content* to be without the knowledge of God. I hardly know where in literature can be found a stronger, clearer, briefer, and more pregnant outcry for the living God than the following; but it is a portrayal of soul-hunger for God, not of soul-satisfaction in him:

ODE ON THE UNSEARCHABLENESS OF GOD

Surely I am more brutish than any man,
And have not the understanding of a man:
And I have not learned wisdom,
Neither have I the knowledge of the Holy One.
Who hath ascended up into heaven, and descended?
Who hath gathered the wind in his fists?
Who hath bound the waters in his garment?
Who hath established all the ends of the earth?
What is his name, and what is his son's name—if thou knowest?[2]

God speaks to us with many voices. To the man whose conscience is alert he speaks through law, saying, "I am the Lord thy God; thou shalt have no other gods before me;" to the man whose imagination is keen he speaks through poetry, declaring that in his temple everything saith "Glory;" to the man of broad observation he speaks in history, showing in the course of Israel's history how Jehovah is revealed in his dealing with the sons of men; to the man who is a ceremonialist he speaks through the Levitical code, pointing out justice on the one hand and mercy on the other; and to the man whose horizon is limited by this world, who has no bright, clear hope beyond the grave, he speaks through the Book of Proverbs, saying: If there were no God, and if there were no life to come, still all sin would be folly and all virtue would be wisdom.

[1] Proverbs xxiv., 30-34. [2] Proverbs xxv., 6, 7. [3] Luke xiv., 8, 10. [4] Romans xii., 19, 20.

[1] Proverbs xxv., 21, 22. [2] Proverbs xxx., 2-4.

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The Sonnets of Shakespeare

Part IX.—Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man[1]

By Hamilton W. Mabie

THE poetic period in Shakespeare's development coincided with a devotion to sonnet-writing which rose to the height of a passion from which few English poets escaped during the closing decade of the sixteenth century. The sonnet was the favorite verse-form for the expression of friendship, love, personal devotion, admiration of beauty; it engaged the interest of the greatest poets and of the most mechanical and commonplace verse-makers; it was the chosen instrument for the most delicate and poetic worship of individual women or of abstract virtues, and for the grossest and most obvious flattery.

At a time when an author had practically no ownership in his own work and when the business of publishing was carried on largely in defiance of or complete indifference to his wishes, and generally to his harm, a great mass of literary work was circulated in manuscript, and a goodly number of people found occupation in multiplying copies of these unpublished pieces for private circulation among the friends and admirers of authors. During the decade between 1590 and 1600 thousands of sonnets of every degree of merit passed from hand to hand, and were read, known, and talked about almost as widely, in some cases, as printed books. The reputation of certain groups of sonnets soon extended beyond the circle of the writer's friends, and general interest and curiosity made it worth while for some printer or publisher to secure copies of the poems and publish them, not only without the consent and revision of the writer, but often without his knowledge.

This appears to have been the case with a group of sonnets written by Shakespeare between 1593 and 1598, when the lyrical mood was dominant. The Sonnets were published in May, 1609, by Thomas Thorpe, who appears to have turned the absence of protection to authors to his own profit by obtaining and printing unpublished works which had secured wide reading in manuscript form. The popularity of Shakespeare's Sonnets doubtless attracted his attention, and, having secured copies of them, he sent them to the press without the poet's consent and probably without his knowledge. That many of these poems had been in existence more than ten years before the publication by Thorpe is proven by the fact that two of them appeared in "The Passionate Pilgrim," published in 1599, and that Meres, in the "Palladio Tamia," published a year earlier, referred to Shakespeare's "sug'r'd Sonnets among his private friends." Allusions and lines in the Sonnets make it possible to assign them at least proximate dates. They can hardly have been written before 1594 nor later than 1598. They belong, therefore, to the period of "Romeo and Juliet" and the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and, with "Venus and Adonis" and the "Rape of Lucrece," which they followed at a short interval, they constitute Shakespeare's contribution to lyrical poetry. Their extraordinary beauty of thought, sentiment, and form has given them a foremost place in English poetry, while their possible significance as a record of the poet's experience or an expression of his emotions has evoked an immense body of comment.

Surrey and Wyatt brought the sonnet as a literary form from Italy, where Petrarch was its acknowledged master; but they did not slavishly reproduce the Petrarchian model; they followed a sound instinct in giving the sonnet greater simplicity. The Italian sonnet consists of an octave and sixtet—a group of eight decasyllabic lines followed by a group of six decasyllabic lines; the sonnet of Shakespeare consists of three quatrains, or groups of four lines, with a concluding couplet. Precisians have held that the Shakespearean Sonnets are not sonnets, but fourteen-line poems; but Shakespeare did not originate the

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sonnet-structure which he used; it had been made ready to his hand by a long line of English poets. His supreme skill gave final authority to what had hitherto been an experiment.

Fifty-two years before the publication of Shakespeare's Sonnets, a group of sonnets by Surrey and another group by Wyatt had been published, many of them being translations from Petrarch. The volume containing these sonnets was reprinted six or seven times before Shakespeare left Stratford. It was followed in 1582 by Watson's "Centurie of Love;" in 1591 by Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella;" in 1592 by Daniel's "Delia" and Constable's "Diana;" in 1593 by Fletcher's "Licia," Barnes's "Parthenopil," and Lodge's "Phillis;" in 1494 by Spenser's "Amoretti" and Drayton's "Idea." To these collections of sonnets must be added probably as many more, the impulse expending itself apparently about 1597. The culminating point of this passion for sonnet-writing was probably reached about 1594, and its highest point of achievement was attained by Shakespeare. While there is much that is interesting and even important, from the standpoint not only of literary development but artistic excellence, in the work of this large group of sonneteers, Shakespeare alone gave his work universal significance and original and enduring beauty.

He did not originate a new form of sonnet, as he did not originate a new form of drama; he took the form which he found ready to his hand and gave it freedom, flexibility, a new compass, and a capacity for musical expression which the earlier poets had predicted but had not unfolded. He continued and completed the modification of the sonnet as Petrarch left it which had been effected by the English sonneteers since the time of Surrey and Wyatt; surrendering something of the sustained fullness of tone of the Italian sonnet, but securing in exchange a sweetness, a flow of pure melody, which were beyond the compass of the original sonnet form. The decasyllabic lines in groups of four, the alternate lines rhyming, and closing with a couplet, gave the poet command of some of the richest melodic effects within the reach of English versification.

The one hundred and fifty-four poems which make up the "Book Called Shakespeare's Sonnettes" form a sonnet-sequence, as clearly as do Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," or Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "House of Life;" they deal with two leading themes in an order which is not necessarily historical, but which discloses an interior principle of arrangement; to borrow a comparison from music, they consist of variations on two dominating motives or themes. The order in which they were presented in the edition of 1609 has been generally accepted, although nothing is known with regard to the principle or method of arrangement followed by the publisher. This order has been accepted because it has, in the judgment of a majority of students, the justification of a logical and intelligible grouping. In the poet's time, sonnets were often written in sequence; the separate poems presenting, when read as a whole, a many-sided but connected treatment of a single theme or of a group of related themes. The separate sonnets, written from time to time as expressions of diverse moods, as Tennyson wrote "In Memoriam," disclosed, when brought together, a unity, not only of manner, but of theme or thought. There is every reason to believe that Shakespeare wrote the Sonnets at intervals during a period of four or five years; the Sonnets show that during this period his mind was constantly reverting to two kinds of emotional experience, which he approached from many different points of view and in many diverse moods, but which held a first place in his interest and moved him to expression.

The one hundred and fifty-four poems in Shakespeare's sonnet-sequence have for their general themes a deep and highly idealized love or friendship for a young man of extraordinary beauty and charm of nature, and a passionate love for a "dark woman." These two unknown persons and the poet are the actors in a drama which may have been subjective in its origin, but which is definitely objective in its presentation. The spiritual motive is suggested in the one hundred and forty-fourth sonnet:

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest one still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.

The friend to whom the first one hundred and twenty-six sonnets are addressed was

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noble in nature, station, and fortune, endowed with all manly qualities, and possessed of a winning beauty of feature and charm of manner; the remaining twenty-eight are addressed to or describe relations with a woman who was plain of feature, pale, dark, treacherous, and stained, but the mistress of a potent fascination. If the sonnets are read in their present order as forming a connected poem, the poet, his friend, and the dark woman enact a drama of love, the acts of which are recorded in the emotions and meditations of the poet. The entire sequence may be broken into smaller groups, each of which conveys with more or less definiteness and completeness some phase of the drama or some aspect of the poet's experience.

The sonnet-sequence opens with a celebration of the beauty and perfections of the noble youth whom the poet loves, dwelling with an idealizing delicacy and sublety, after the manner of the Elizabethan sonneteer, on his separate and numerable charms, and urging him to marry in order that the marvelous beauty which has been given him may be reproduced in his children. Failing to secure for posterity copies of his friend's beauty by marriage, the poet offers to give it immortality in his verse. With the twenty-seventh sonnet a note of sadness and pain, foreshadowing a change in the harmony between the poet and his friend, is sounded; and the thoughts which come in absence and separation rise in the poet's mind and are set in exquisite form before the imagination in "sessions of sweet silent thought." The modulations of this theme are marvelously varied and beautiful, covering the whole range of sadness, longing, regret, loneliness, misgiving, foreboding, and despair.

So far no shadow save that of separation has rested upon the friendship between the two men, but now the dark woman enters. The poet in the forty-second sonnet describes himself as her lover, and his sorrow gets its deepest pang from the fact that his friend has robbed him of his mistress:

If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here's the joy: my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

Loneliness, disillusion, pain, self-denial, renunciation, and forgiveness are the notes of this phase of the poet's experience, rationalized and illuminated by meditation. There is no bitterness in his thought of his friend, estranged from him by the woman he loves and thus bringing him a double loss; his love and admiration triumph over his sense of injustice and injury. This feeling gives the episode of shattered friendship its tenderest note, and has left its record in a sonnet which registers Shakespeare's highest achievement in the field of lyric poetry:

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all the rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed wherein it doth expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

In the forty-eighth sonnet the entrance of a rival poet is recorded, and the charms which have hitherto been celebrated by the writer of the Sonnets inspire "the travail of a mightier pen." The rival singer, whose advent gives a wound to the sonneteer's self-love, has been identified by different students of the Sonnets with Chapman, Marlowe, Drayton, and Daniel. In the light of rejection and disillusion the poet comments with unflinching frankness on the meanness of the player's occupation, the lowliness of his own station in life, and the frequent supremacy of evil in the world. Through all these phases of his humiliation and sorrow his love for his friend remains unmoved, and he finds a deep consolation in the sense of power which his art gives him. Through art the beauty of his friend shall be the joy of posterity, as it has been the poet's inspiration.

There is a touching cry of farewell
the eighty-seventh sonnet; but after
interval of silence the poet take
again the old themes, with more as
and with a new note of hope

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This note becomes dominant in the one hundred and sixteenth sonnet, which may be regarded as the highest point of vision attained in the sequence:

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
Oh, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But beats it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Of the second general group of the Sonnets, beginning with the one hundred and twenty-seventh, seventeen are addressed to the woman whose dark fascinations have woven a spell over the poet's senses without beguiling his intellect, and have estranged his friend; while of the remaining eleven sonnets, nine are given up, for the most part, to the regret, repentance, and humiliation which his fatuous passion has brought to him. There is neither evasion nor self-deception in these striking confessions; they are charged with the bitterness of sincere and unflinching self-discovery and self-revelation:

What potions have I drunk of siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing where I saw myself to win!

The two concluding sonnets serve as a postlude to the group, and at the very end of the sequence touch with the glow and heat of "love's fire" the long story of the poem.

For many years the Sonnets shared the general indifference to Shakespeare which, perhaps as distinctly as any other sign of the times, measured the distance in taste and feeling between the age of Elizabeth and that of Queen Anne and her immediate successors. During the century now closing no part of Shakespeare's work has been more patiently or eagerly studied; and concerning none has there been greater divergence of opinion.

It has been held by some students that the Sonnets are to be regarded chiefly as poetic exercises, and Mr. Sidney Lee has not only reinforced this view, but made a substantial contribution to literary scholarship by a thorough examination of the attitude and methods of English sonneteers in Shakespeare's time and of sonnet-writing on the Continent. Whatever interpretation is put upon the Sonnets, the background of poetic habit and convention which Mr. Lee has put behind sonnet-writing at the close of the sixteenth century must be taken into account; for Shakespeare was pre-eminently an opportunist so far as the use of materials and methods were concerned; with his poetic sensitiveness and thrift in invention he could not have failed to share the passion for sonnet-writing and the conventional attitude toward the art as a highly specialized form of lyric poetry.

This means that it would have been a natural exercise of Shakespeare's poetic faculty to idealize a patron; to give to a friendship for a man of great station the warmth and emotion of a deep personal love; to comment upon the frailty of women, the treachery of friends, and the hardness of the world as if these things had come within the compass of the poet's experience; to address elaborate apostrophes to abstract virtues; to make an imaginary woman the object of a passion and the shaping spirit of an intrigue which should have the semblance of reality without having any more substantial basis than the fancy of an Elizabethan sonneteer.

This is what Shakespeare may have done; but it is highly improbable that the key to the Sonnets is to be found in a comparative study of sonnet-writing in Shakespeare's time. The great majority of students have been forced to the conclusion that, while the conventional spirit and method of contemporary sonneteers had a distinct influence upon the poet so far as form and manner were concerned, the content of the Sonnets had a vital relation to his own experience. This conclusion is based upon the fact that a note of reality seems to be distinctly sounded in the series; that they tell a story or reveal an experience which is definitely outlined notwithstanding the mask of conventional imagery and phraseology which the poet employed; that throughout the entire body of his dramatic work he uniformly and consistently keeps in touch with reality, using historic ma-

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terial whenever he can find it adaptable for his purpose, and allying himself, apparently by instinct as well as by intention, with the force which resides in real things or in the deep and rich deposit of the imagination dealing, as in such figures as Hamlet or Prospero, with the greatest realities of experience; that in the sensitiveness, the capacity for devotion, the power of passion which the Sonnets reveal they so entirely express the nature of Shakespeare that they must be accepted as, in a true sense, autobiographic.

Those who regard the Sonnets as pure and deliberate autobiography, containing a definite confession to be literally interpreted, probably stray as far from the truth as those who dissociate the poet entirely from his work and regard the Sonnets as technical exercises only. The habit of the age and the marked and consistent objectivity of Shakespeare's mode of expression make it highly improbable that he laid his heart bare by putting in historic order and with entire fidelity of detail a passional experience which had searched his spirit as with a lighted torch held aloft in the darkest recesses of his nature.

The truth probably lies between these two extremes of interpretation; it seems probable that the Sonnets are disclosures of the poet's experience without being transcriptive of his actual history; that they embody the fruits of a great experience without revealing that experience in its historic order. Literal, consecutive recitals of fact the Sonnets are not, but they are autobiographic in the only way in which a poet of Shakespeare's spirit and training, living in his period, could make his art the vehicle of autobiography: they use the material which experience had deposited in Shakespeare's nature, but they hide the actual happenings in his life behind the veil of an elaborate art and of a philosophy with which the thought of western Europe was saturated in his time. The Sonnets may be read as the poetic record of an emotional experience which left lasting traces behind it, and as a disclosure of the mind of the poet; but they cannot be safely read as an exact record of fact. The poet, as Shelley suggests, was willing to intrust his secret to those who had the wit to understand it.

The dedication of the Sonnets was written, not by their author, but by their publisher, and has furnished material for one of the most extensive of the many controversies which have centered about Shakespeare:

TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETHR . OF .
THESE . ENSVING . SONNETS .
Mr. W . H . ALL . HAPPINESSE .
PROMISED .
BY .
OVR . EVER – LIVING . POET .
WISHETH .
THE . WELL – WISHING .
ADVENTVRER . IN .
SETTING .
FORTH .

T. T.

In these words Thomas Thorpe, not Shakespeare, addressed a patron whom the research and acumen of many decades of investigation and speculation have not been able to identify to the satisfaction of a majority of students. For many years the claims of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, were urged with great ingenuity and with considerable success. This young nobleman was also a representative man of the close of the Elizabethan epoch. Clarendon describes him as "very well bred, and of excellent parts, and a graceful speaker upon any subject, having a good proportion of Learning, and a ready Wit to apply it and enlarge upon it; of a pleasant and facetious humour, and a disposition affable, generous, and magnificent." The "dark lady" was identified with Mary Fitton, who was a Maid of Honor to the Queen, of a gay and pleasure-loving disposition, on very friendly terms with some of the players of Shakespeare's company, of free manners and easy morals, who was finally driven from the Court by the results of her intimacy with the Earl of Pembroke. The claims of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, the brilliant and popular courtier, scholar, soldier, and patron of the theater, to whom Shakespeare dedicated "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece," have been presented with much force. Many facts in the careers of the Earl of Southampton and of the Earl of Pembroke meet the requirements of the few and uncertain biographical data furnished by the Sonnets; but the acceptance of either of these noblemen as the "W. H." of the dedication raises almost as many questions as it answers.

It is highly improbable that a dedication written by the publisher of a collec-

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tion of poems, which he was about to issue without authorization, would disclose the identity of the chief figure in the drama of passion guarded in its record by the most highly conventionalized poetic form of the age. It is more probable that such a dedication would be addressed to a possible patron of the volume or to a personal friend of the publisher—some such person as the printer, William Hall, whose claims to the mysterious initials "W. H." Mr. Lee has brought forward as the most recent contribution to a discussion which will never, in all probability, be finally settled, and which turns, in any event, upon a matter which is solely one of intelligent curiosity.

It is generally agreed that the Sonnets were addressed to a real person; and the instinct of the vast majority of the readers of Shakespeare affirms the reality of the impulse behind them, their rootage in his experience, the existence of the "dark lady," and of a genuine emotional crisis in the poet's life. They were written in the most sensitive and passionate period of his unfolding—the period of "Romeo and Juliet;" and they are invaluable because of the light they throw on his methods as a dramatist.

Their supreme value lies, however, in their beauty and completeness as works of art. They disclose marked inequalities of inspiration and of workmanship; in some cases they are prime examples of the strained imagery, the forced fancy, the artificial style of the Elizabethan sonneteer; but again and again in the noble sequence the poet blends experience, philosophy, and the most sorely over-used poetic form of his time in a harmonious whole which appeals with equal power to the intellect and to the sense of beauty. The artificial frame of fourteen lines becomes fluid in his hand; the emotion which penetrates and irradiates it rises out of the depths of his nature; and both are touched with the inimitable magic of the poet's imagination.

The Richmond of To-Day

By Lillian W. Betts

THE Northern visitor to Richmond is greatly impressed by the atmosphere of age and stability that pervades the broad, dignified streets of the older portions of the city, imparting a peculiar individuality. There is, too, an atmosphere of gloom, due to the Civil War and its results. The city of Richmond must always appeal to the imagination. Its streets have echoed to the tread and the voices of some of the greatest men who have helped to make this Nation great; Richmond is in the very center of the region that has been the theater of some of the greatest events that have marked our National development.

To one coming directly from the sunny, broad, well-kept streets of Washington, the general air of neglect, the bad pavements, the absence of parks in the heart of the city, make a sharp contrast. This effect is in part the result of a limited city income, wholly inadequate to meet the needs of the city, and in part the result of the lack of sympathy between the classes of citizens and of the absence of civic pride.

A growing city, in which the commercial spirit is dominant, is the Richmond of to-day. To many this is but a second invasion, irresistible but obnoxious to its older civilization and to the people who still live in the atmosphere of its traditions.

The Capitol, located in the one park in the heart of the city, must always be the Mecca of the visitor. Over it, about it, in it, are the traditions of the days when a struggling colony laid in its very charter the corner-stone of this great Nation. Memories of the days when, by the power of intelligence, eloquence, and might, Virginia led in the struggle that gave us a Nation, decorate these shabby walls beyond the power of modern art.

Standing in the park, where the squirrels resent the appearance of the visitor unmindful of their craving appetites, one sees the Capitol, with its classic outlines, the State Library, the Governor's residence—a fine and harmonious group. This general effect is marred by the background of the City Hall, with its many stories, obtrusive roof and tower. Beyond

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the park-railings there is the sleepy air of a city that is not in haste to be rich, but finds its life in comfort and protection from the touch of modern enterprise. The new city is beyond this circle.

Richmond must always be an intensely interesting capital. Two periods of political development have left their marks upon the city and on the character of its people. The first patrician development resulted in that attitude of mind that naturally produced the second—that of resentment and antagonism against those who gave a different interpretation to the words "country and government."

But a short distance from the Capitol is the "White House" of the Confederacy, now known as the Confederate Museum and memorial building. It is owned by the Daughters of the Confederacy. This organization has a Regent and chapter in each of the States that formed the Confederacy. Each of these States has a room in which are placed the relics of the war period. At the present time the special effort is to collect data for a history of the Confederacy that will be just to its principles and its representatives. The Daughters of the Confederacy is a literary society, and the Museum is its literary depository.

Standing in one of the rooms of this Museum with one of the most charming women that the highest type of Southern society has produced, I listened to the story of the Civil War and the part its tragedies had played in her life. This woman, then a young girl, sat in St. Paul's Church near Mr. Davis when General Lee's telegram was handed to him advising the evacuation of the city. She remembers well the expression in his face as he rose quietly and left the church. A presentiment of what that message foreboded fell on the congregation. All sat quietly to the close of the service, during which no reference was made to the thought in every heart—that home would become a memory to most of them; that the invading army was about to enter their beloved city. The family of this young girl decided to remain in the city. To remain would mean no more hardship or suffering than to leave under prevailing conditions.

That night the Confederate Government and soldiers left the city. The father of this young girl, high in the councils of the Confederacy, came to her, and, laying his hand on her head, said: "My daughter, for the first time in your life I am unable to protect you." There was the steady tramp of an enemy's army before their home, and that army was made up in part of negroes. This last fact seemed to them an act of wanton cruelty.

The morning brought an officer to this home, who demanded politely rooms for three officers. The mother resented this intrusion of their home, and protested against it. "Madam, I regret your resentment. I hope to remove it. This house must shelter three officers."

"A most fortunate thing for us," continued the narrator, "as it protected us from much that less fortunate families had to bear." This was said in tones of deepest gratitude. Twenty-five years after, this officer was the guest of the family, but not in that house. It had passed out of their possession.

The days of reconstruction that followed witnessed much that must always cause a Northerner to blush. Their history was given with heightened color and evident repression of very deep feeling.

This woman, to whom the Confederacy must always be a "lost cause," said: "The death of Lincoln was the severest blow dealt the South; it changed her history; it made her what she was"—hesitatingly—"what she is in sentiment and feeling. Had he lived, that which to those of us who lived through the period was unspeakable suffering would never have been. Standing in this very spot, I heard Mr. Lincoln say to my father, 'The future is before us. The man the people of your State elected as Governor before this war shall be put at the head of the State government; State government within Constitutional rights shall be yours. The country must, at the earliest moment, be brought back to the conditions that mean peace and progress for the whole Nation. The problems for the South are tremendous, but a united country can solve them.'" Sweeping rapidly across the room with a movement that reminded one of the flight of a startled partridge, the gentle lady turned rapidly the glass leaves containing letters, documents, orders, clippings, relating to the Civil War. There was one daguerreotype, faded and somewhat bent.

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Pointing to it with wholly unconscious dramatic power, she continued: "I hate to have that picture here. That man was the worst enemy the South ever had. His hand struck down its strongest and best friend in its hour of humiliation and weakness; the one whose touch meant healing; whose heart was large enough to respect the rights of a people his head believed to be wrong. That picture should not be here; it misrepresents us. Lincoln was the Nation's protector. The history of those awful years following the war would have been different if the great head and heart of Lincoln had guided the Nation's affairs." The daguerreotype was that of John Wilkes Booth.

Crossing the park, immediately after this conversation, to St. Paul's Church, the writer sat in the pew bearing a silver plate on which is the name of Jefferson Davis. Two beautiful memorial windows are on either side of the church, one to Mr. Jefferson Davis, the other to General Robert E. Lee. To the Northerner a new comprehension of the spirit that must control this people in heart and head to make it one nation came as the full meaning of the texts on these windows was seen. That on Lee's memorial is: "He refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God." On the Davis window the text is: "This man hath done nothing worthy of death or of bonds." In these two texts lives the heart-history of a people.

The statement has been made by a philanthropic worker that ten thousand white women were wage-earners in Richmond. This seemed an astounding statement when taken in connection with the total population, placed by the census of 1896 at less than 92,000. To verify this statement a visit was made to the State Library to find the Department of Labor. The first official, a giant of a man in stature and courtesy, replied: "Yes, we have a department of labor now—a new thing with us; a few years ago we took care of our women, now we cannot; they must work." It was impossible to convey the tone in which this was said, or the sadness that overshadowed his face as he looked into the face of the questioner. Another Southern official lifted the curtain that revealed a vista into the past. Walking with him through a gallery in which are deposited, under the care of the State, priceless portraits of historic interest, it was startling to hear, "This is my grandfather," "That is my great-grandfather," "This is my wife's granduncle," "That is her great-great-grandmother." Then, turning with just the suggestion of a smile, he said: "They are here because we have no home wall-space enough for them."

The day before, in the same gallery, the visitor was attracted by the entrance of three young girls, one evidently a guest of the others. "Come, and I'll show you our ancestors," half laughed the younger of the Richmond girls. The ancestors of friends were also pointed out. "That's Fred ——'s uncle, a great lawyer." "That's Fannie ——'s great-great-grandfather. He did a lot about *money* in the Revolutionary times. Can't you see where Fan gets her wonderful eyes?" At last she stopped before a frame containing several Confederate bills of different denominations. With a flippant gesture she continued: "That represents nothing in the heavens above, the earth beneath, nor the waters under the earth, nor anything on the earth." Turning slowly, the taller and quieter of the Richmond girls commented, in a voice that lived in the memory like a minor chord: "Yes, it represents tears, broken hearts and desolate homes, and poverty—deep, lasting poverty."

The city covers several hills. Where there are hills there must be valleys, and the valleys in the city of Richmond reveal conditions that are appalling. Standing on the hill crowned by the Confederate Museum, the visitor looks down into the valley where the poorest and most degraded of Richmond's population are living. This valley is made the more unwholesome by a shallow stream into which the sewage of the city empties. This is cleaned, or rather a channel is cleared, once or twice a year by the convicts from the penitentiary. In this valley and on the steep hillside streets leading to it are hovels and dilapidated houses which are the homes of thousands. In the spring, and after heavy rains, this valley is flooded, and for days the water is in the houses in the bottom. The conditions beggar description.

In the center of this population is the city jail; directly opposite is one of the

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public-school buildings for the colored children. The jail is a two-storied building standing in the center of the allotted grounds, which are surrounded by high brick walls. The space between the building and the walls is scarcely more than an alley. The cells on the second floor open directly on a gallery without any protection from the weather. On the ground floor the doors of the cells open directly on the reeking cobblestone pavements of the yard. Stifling, vile, unfit for dogs, is this space. Adults and children and youth are all together. The sexes are separated. Criminals awaiting room in the overcrowded penitentiary remain here for weeks after sentence. Insane patients awaiting examination are here, and, unless violent, are free to move about with the prisoners, some of whom are awaiting trial for the crime of vagrancy; their companions, men and women, held for manslaughter, burglary, and all the common crimes of a crowded community. This jail is a charge against civilization, a stain on the character of every citizen whose indifference makes its horrors possible. The one redeeming feature is the indignation of the warden and his deputy, who are helpless to make conditions better.

The public school opposite is, when the uses to which it is put are remembered, a greater civic disgrace than the jail. The building is old, dirty, dilapidated, depressing beyond belief. The rooms are divided by double pine-board partitions, with a space between of about six inches. The lower half of each of these partitions is hung, like a window, on pulleys. This makes it possible to throw the several rooms into one. The partitions stop at the baseboard, as do the doors. Five hundred children under fourteen years of age attend school in this building having narrow wooden stairs inclosed by a board partition on one side and a wainscoting of wood on the other. Think of a fire in this building heated by stoves!

The high school for colored boys and girls is in no better condition, and has the same kind of partitions. Added to this, the building is overcrowded. There is nothing in or about it to elevate the mind of the pupils. Its surroundings are gloomy. The street is the only playground, and here the pupils fall in line to enter the building. The one redeeming feature is the evident high moral purpose of the principal and teachers. The opening exercises of responsive and concert reading from the Psalms, and the singing of music far above the average of school music, must leave some impression on these pupils. The high school for whites is but a degree better, except as to location. It is fifteen years since the woodwork of this building was painted, and soap and water are, it appears, almost equally unfamiliar applications. The newspapers of the city promise repairs and renovations in many school buildings. All need them.

As compared with Washington schools, the schools of Richmond are far behind in modern educational methods; a century behind in ethical and æsthetical standards. Reading, writing, and arithmetic make up the most of the studies, and are imparted by methods unknown or forgotten by the modern teacher. In the list of books given by the Superintendent of Public Schools as authorized, there is not one book on nature study. In the high schools the languages and civil government are taught. In the grammar grades of the Washington schools the same text-book on civil government is used. The Superintendent's report gives the names of teachers and the salaries paid; the names of the graduates of the high schools; the names of the State institutions offering scholarships, but no record of pupils securing them; schedules of school properties, but nothing that gives the faintest idea of the curriculum, nor one educational idea. How far the Superintendent is at liberty to improve the curriculum is a matter of dispute. The public-school system of Richmond was inaugurated in 1870, but it must have been far behind the age of educational standards at that time; it could not have retrograded to the present condition had it started abreast of the times.

The river front of Richmond is, so to speak, its commercial center. Along its banks, and the streets running from them, are factories, warehouses, mills, manufactories, with all the bustle and activity of a city commercially prosperous. Most prominent and of greatest importance are the great tobacco-factories giving employment to thousands. The negroes and

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whites do not work in the same room, even when employed in the same factory. The wages are good; girls earn from six to ten dollars per week. The good wages paid prove a temptation to the married women, and home and children suffer, as under like conditions they do elsewhere.

The streets in the neighborhood of the tobacco-factories are very interesting at the hours of going to and from work. The most impressive feature is the evident content and happiness of the workers, among whom are very many refined faces and figures. As one sees them in the street-cars, the air of quiet refinement pervading is, to one familiar with the entirely different behavior of the majority of girls working in the same commodity in other cities, very striking, and conducive to questionings as to what causes the difference.

The commercial growth of Richmond is phenomenal. New plants for manufacturing purposes are constantly being established. Several of those lately established will give employment to hundreds of girls and women. Land is being secured to enlarge plants already established, and for outside plants to be removed to the city from other places. A large ship-yard that will give employment to from one to two thousand is another proof of Richmond's advantages.

This very prosperity will create new problems in Richmond. It means, not the employment of Richmond's idle and unskilled population, but the importation of hundreds of workingmen's families into a city with insufficient suitable housing for its present population—families without the capital to utilize Richmond's beautiful suburbs, made accessible by the electric railroads; greater demands on schools already overcrowded; the influx of a large class irresponsible as to the great civic needs of a city divided by two civilizations, neither of which the new population will understand. Richmond's naturalized capitalists will for twenty years have great opportunities for the investment of unused capital in model homes in the city and the suburbs; the educated philanthropist will find equal opportunities for erecting model school buildings for which the city has not now the money; he will find opportunities in establishing manual and industrial training schools such as have made the names of citizens in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and elsewhere synonymous with great public service.

Many interesting colored men are to be found in Richmond—men educated elsewhere, under influences that have sharpened their mental and moral perceptions; men who see clearly, not only the needs, but the defects, of their own people, and are fearless in declaring both; men who are working selfishly and unselfishly to improve the conditions of their own people.

The separation of the two races becomes evident to the most casual observer, who soon learns that this separation adds greatly to the civic problems. So long as the purposes of each are treated by the other as antagonistic—which they cannot be in fact—progress comparable with Richmond's past history cannot be made. That some of the negroes feel this is evident; and the perception of the danger is not confined to the educated negroes. The same question was put to three bankers conducting a banking and insurance business in the interest of their own people; to a capitalist who tells simply that "we," himself and his wife, "began with naked hands and are now worth twenty-five thousand dollars, and give employment at the highest market wages to forty of our own race;" to a mason, a carpenter, and a plumber—all of the negro race. The differences in the answers were verbal; the conclusion was the same from the several standpoints. This was the question: "Do you not believe that, in giving your people the ballot before they were capable of using it intelligently, this Government dealt a heavy blow to your true progress?" Substantially, the reply was: "Yes; it made our people the tools of designing men; it keeps them the tools of these men, who use them to accomplish their own purposes. Every election proves this conclusively."

Richmond is divided into five wards. A fire ward is the political unit of the city. "Have your people ever held the control of one fire ward?" "Yes, for eleven years. We lost it with the acceptance of the Australian ballot system. The illiterate negroes were paid before entering the booths to select certain men to assist them in voting. The first year under the new system the whites gained control

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of this ward and have held it. The conditions under the white control are quite as good as when we, who are largely in the majority in the ward, held it, because the worst of our own people, the worst in the political sense, the illiterate, and for that reason unthinking, are in the majority. The ballot to-day in a city like Richmond is not a benefit to our people."

"Do you hold the franchise given to your race responsible for the deep-seated race antagonism?" "Yes; it was given before either race had time to adjust itself to the entirely new conditions created by the war and its sequences."

The race antagonisms affect the labor market. The labor unions do not recognize the negro mechanic in the same trades. Many contractors will not employ negroes except as laborers and helpers, and would not do even this if white men would accept such employment.

Some negro capitalists last winter decided to enlarge a building which they owned. Determined to benefit their own race by giving employment to their skilled mechanics, the contract was awarded to a negro, though he was underbid by a white man. The negro contractor sublet the contract to the white man, and the only negroes employed on the new building are the laborers.

The negro laborer is picturesque. He never gives the impression of being burdened. He jokes, has time to give a helping hand, chats, and suggests in his movements not work but leisure. His love of music introduces it into his work, and he moves to its rhythm, which adds the charm of grace to his movements. His love of color when his garments are new often makes him a garish figure, but, under the softening touches of time and wear, the colors become artistically toned and add to his picturesqueness. The ladder and the hod, so familiar in the North, are not familiar in the South. The mortar is carried in what is less than half of a butter-tub; the bricks are piled on a small board. The laborer places these on his head, protected by a polo-cap and pad. He ascends from the street to whatever height the masons are working, on a single plank, technically a "run," carried from story to story. When he reaches the scaffold on which his load is to be dumped, he seems the very embodiment of strength and grace. He pauses for a moment to balance the load on his head before he turns. His neck seems to be a column of polished bronze or ebony; now and then there is one that looks like marble darkened. When the load, without touching it, is balanced, he walks along the edge of the scaffold, and at the proper point there is a quick movement upward of two arms that match the throat, and the load is emptied. The tub or board is back on the head, and the descent is made to the street, slowly and gracefully. Even in the stifling atmosphere of a foundry the negro laborer is suggestive of grace and happiness. He still makes music and laughs.

The women of the negro laboring classes have the same quality of careless, aimless happiness. They possess all the time there is. They hang out of windows, stand in doorways, on the street, careless of home, children, appearance, bubbling with laughter. But Sunday makes a change. With the Sunday clothes comes out the Sunday expression. A congregation of negroes is a study. There is a riot of color and funereal gloom. The church, to the church-going negro, is the social center of his life. It is *his* church.

In Richmond there is one negro congregation founded in 1780. The first building occupied by this congregation was given them by a white congregation early in 1800. To this congregation of slaves and freedmen, a white man, a scholar, preached for many years. The Sunday after Richmond was evacuated, the negro regiment in the city demanded that their chaplain should preach. The military officer detailed to the church put the question to vote. The congregation voted for their own pastor. The main support of this church, up to the close of the war, came from the slaveholders. The war and its results cut off this source of income. The years of service to this people of a consecrated man bore fruit. The people kept together and supported their church, and directed its affairs. The pastor had gone West. The old building became untenantable, and in 1893 a new building was erected. The people sent West to their former pastor to dedicate their church, and insisted on paying all of his expenses. This church has a membership of almost three thou-

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sand. Its building is dignified within and without. The other churches in the city built by the negroes show the new era, when responsibilities were assumed without preparation. There is a spirit of unity among all the churches of the race, shown by union communion services held in different churches. The line of social distinction in the churches of the whites is marked.

Rent in the sections where the poorest people live will average about two dollars a month for each room. Twelve dollars a month secures fairly comfortable rooms in a fair neighborhood. There are sections where the congestion of people, while not as great as in specific blocks in New York, is far worse from a sanitary and moral point of view, because of the dilapidation and dirt of the houses, the presence of hovels on the rear of lots, the unpaved yards reeking with filth, and the entire absence of sanitary supervision and enforcement of sanitary law. The older parts of the city still preserve the small houses that before the war were occupied by the house servants. These, under the changes of the succeeding years, have become rear tenements, and in some portions of the city are a menace to its health and morals in a community prone to neglect all sanitary laws. Comparatively few houses in Richmond are built to meet the needs of two or more families under one roof. In the better sections of the city the apartment-house is now appearing. It is very attractive because it stands far inside the ground area; there is space for light and air on all sides. Here and there a family mansion is being changed to an apartment-house for two families.

There is a section where wealth has found expression in stately mansions that delight the eye. The streets are broad and sunny and well kept. There are sections where the hand of decay and poverty are leaving their blighting touch. There are sections where block after block presents windows filled with old clothes or paper because the glass is gone; shutters broken and hanging; broken front doors that cannot be closed, revealing decaying floors, broken walls, stairways and hallways reeking with dirt; chimneys tumbling, streets littered, everything in and about tending to degrade the human beings that call this section home. There are streets that show the presence of the thrifty, prosperous workingman, negro and white, but their mileage is very small compared with the others. Richmond boasts one kindergarten, maintained by the Woman's Christian Association in the section near the tobacco-factories, in connection with a day nursery. The mothers of the children work in the factories. This Association also maintains a boarding-house for working-girls in a delightful section of the city, and proposes establishing another near the factories. At the present time a project is on foot to establish a hotel for workingmen after the plan of the Mills Hotels of New York. It is proposed to buy one of the large hotels now vacant and equip it. This will meet the immediate wants, in part at least, of the city's new population, the corollary to its sudden commercial and industrial advancement.

There is a fine building for the use of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a small wooden building for the Colored Young Men's Christian Association, sadly in need of money. The youths and young men of the race will not attend night schools, but will attend small classes where the members all approach the same age. Industrial classes for young colored men are greatly needed, as are gymnasiums and baths. Manual training is the crying need of the youth of both races in Richmond.

Richmond, rich in historic associations, one of the starting-points of American independence, must always be dear to the American people. Coming out on the hill from the church where Patrick Henry delivered his famous "Give me liberty or give me death" speech, a world of historic memories is stirred. One stands at the foot of the beautiful monument erected to the memory of the Confederate soldiers and sailors. Looking west, the busy wharfs, the great factory buildings, the new buildings now in process of construction, impart an air of energy and enterprise that destroys the thought of Southern leisure, and suggests the bustle and activity of the North. Away to the west beyond the bend of the river is the hill on which stands the statue of the man who bears the distinction of being the President of the Confederacy.

Standing at the foot of this monument,

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a statue in bronze, with a face strangely grave and severe, one is impressed with the scene that lies below and beyond this site. The rushing waters are the rapids up which John Smith could not go. Grimy shops and factories line the banks; railroad bridges cross them. The hills re-echo to the shriek of the locomotive that tears along the banks at the foot of the beautiful hill where lie buried many of the distinguished men of the Nation. The tower of the new City Hall pierces the ether, while the roof of the classic Capitol is just seen.

These hills have trembled to the shot of colonist and cavalier; the white and the red men have lost and won their battles on them; men whose names are cherished by a grateful Nation have ridden gayly over them to the hunt and the ball. Over them a divided Nation contended for what each believed to be great moral principles.

To-day the smoke that dims their outlines means wages paid to the Nation's sons, and prosperity for the city that has risen from the ashes of devastation and is rising triumphantly from the greater devastation of bitterness and resentment; a city in the grasp of municipal burdens, inheritances of these very devastations.

"Within this city are the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city."

And these are part of this Nation's greatness.

Three American Statesmen[1]

IN the lives of these three men we can study the elements or forces that brought about the abolition of slavery and maintained the cause of the Union. They were of different temperament, as different as men could be who were imbued with kindred hopes and purposes. Seward was a natural politician and political leader—not a vulgar and venal demagogue, but a man who believed in organization, party manipulation, decorous devotion to party purposes. A conscientious opponent of slavery, at critical junctures he rose to the highest plane of wise and prophetic statesmanship. His masterly and philosophic treatment of the most burning questions of the time made him the idol of the young enthusiasts of the land. And yet he was not a zealot himself, but a sincere opportunist, always ready to accept the best and most practicable thing attainable. Like the ordinary successful politician, he was an optimist by nature and intention; he believed in the final victory of freedom and justice; but he was willing to win each intermediate contest in the interests of himself and his party. He was not a great orator, but a great writer who coined telling phrases and fastened firmly in speech some of the fundamental ideas of the great conflict.

Sumner had the courage, the zeal, the enthusiasm, the deep moral earnestness, the idealistic temper, of a reformer and a martyr. He was the exponent of puritanic idealism, of transcendental longing for immediate and immaculate perfection. In politics he was not without success; but he was utterly incapable of political management. He instinctively rebelled against expedients, and detested compromise—the two chief stones in the corner of any party structure. His nature is well illustrated by his famous remark: "If two evils are presented to me, I will take neither." A statesman with such a creed can play a conspicuous part only at crises in a nation's life, when men are responsive to moral promptings. In many ways Sumner had more in common with Garrison and Wendell Phillips than he had with Lincoln, Adams, Chase, or Seward.

Charles Francis Adams resembled Chase in his character and his habits of thought; but his mind was of a finer mold. He was earnest, but not enthusiastic; intense and sincere, but not emotional; he had considerable political sagacity, but he was not a political manager. He saw well into the future, because he was wise, in-

[1] *Charles Francis Adams.* By his Son, Charles Francis Adams. American Statesmen Series. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.25.
Charles Sumner. By Moorfield Storey. American Statesmen Series. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.25.
The Life of William H. Seward. By Frederick Bancroft. Two vols. Harper & Bros., New York. $5.

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capable of deceit, honest with himself; yet he never uttered the prophecies which were characteristic of Seward's statesmanship, nor did he feel instinctively, like Lincoln, the impulses and the passions of the plain people. He attended patiently and methodically to his nearest duty. He represented, in his sobriety, simplicity, and rational common sense, the conservative classes of the New England States, who could not follow the ecstasies of Garrison and were not altogether in sympathy with the fiery zeal of Sumner. Without much power as a public speaker, he could not stir the hearts of men; but his mental vigor and wholesomeness, his sterling honesty, his inability—Adams-like—to move otherwise than in a straight line, gave him great influence when those of weaker fiber were faltering or toying with temptation.

The "Life of Sumner" is not an unsuccessful book. It is accurate, well-proportioned, and discreet. To add anything to the well-known story of his life was difficult or impossible. But it must be said that the work has no particular interest or charm; it has failed to disclose in its own character the fervid nature of the man whose life is described. The same method and style of treatment would serve equally well for John C. Calhoun, Roger B. Taney, or Sir Isaac Newton. Such a criticism on a faithful and honest piece of work may be unjust; but it may be doubted whether any biography is a complete success which does not bring the reader into vital contact with a real and actual personality.

Whatever fault may be found with Mr. Bancroft's "Life of Seward," no student of American history will put down the volumes without feeling that he has acquired new insight into the problems of slavery and the Rebellion; no reader can say that the narrative lacks interest or fails to reveal the life and character of an energetic, forceful statesman and man of affairs. The chief fault to be found is that the writer protests too much, passes unnecessary judgments, calls the reader's attention to inconsistencies in the conduct of Seward, or cynically reminds him that a virtuous act was a stroke of good policy. These faults are especially noticeable in the first volume; but when it is finished, one feels convinced, in spite of the author's innuendoes and needless qualifications, that Seward was really a great statesman. Doubtless he was not always consistent; probably he had a native facility in eluding issues at inopportune moments; and yet a study of his career forces upon the student a belief in his honesty and sincerity. Mr. Bancroft, however, seems to go upon the supposition that a political leader on principle indulges in evasion, and prefers sapping and mining to direct attack upon the defenses of the enemy. For example, in commenting on the speech made before the assembling of the Chicago Convention in 1860, he does Seward scant justice. Seward was the logical candidate of the Republican party, and he expected the nomination. It was no time for a statesman with even an ounce of worldly wisdom to make a scathing attack upon the South, to threaten war, to hold up the specter of an inevitable contest, to frighten conservative adherents, and, by very vehemence of condemnation, give aid and comfort to the enemy. As a matter of fact, his words fairly represented the beliefs of his party, and were an admirable presentation of the real issue. The author's treatment of the famous speech on the "irrepressible conflict" leaves one in doubt as to whether he appreciates the force or meaning of those fateful words. Certainly the casual reader who has not made a study of the period may easily be misled. Of course Seward did not mean that war must ensue between the North and the South, that an actual hand-to-hand conflict would surely come; but that two industrial and social systems were in conflict, two systems built upon essentially antagonistic principles. He meant that one must increase and the other decrease; that when two methods of labor are set over against each other in the same body politic, one must grow at the expense of the other; that the course of history proved that free labor through the centuries had slowly been winning ground from slavery. Seward was not, therefore, pettifogging and inconsistent when he spoke in 1860 in terms of moderation, and laid down, as the chief aim of the Republican party, the preservation of the Western Territories. He was no more insincere than was Lincoln, who in 1858 declared that a house divided against itself cannot

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stand, and in 1861 pleaded with the South not to sever the bonds of union.

A most charming volume is the life of Charles Francis Adams, the third of that family of great men who, with signal ability, absolute integrity, and high purpose, served their country and served her well. The story of the mission to England during the Civil War will remain one of the most fascinating narratives in our history. No matter how often one goes over the incidents, no matter how familiar he may be with the details, his heart beats faster when he reads again those words of Adams that stand forth as the very climax of the entertaining drama: "It would be superfluous for me to point out to your lordship that this is war." To say of the life of Adams that it is of absorbing interest is not enough. Any writer with a grain of skill could with difficulty contrive to be uninteresting on such a theme. The charm of this book lies in the fact that, with transparent frankness and with no effort to attach unmerited praise or blame, it tells a story with utter simplicity and almost without comment. How easy it would have been for some intrusive busybody to tell this tale as if his own moralizing and interpretation were of more value than the facts; how exasperating to see a narrative whose characteristic is action, and which is filled with critical situations, robbed of its highest dramatic effect by the audacious and pedantic annotation of the critic!

Two or three things in the life of Adams deserve special notice. He was a member of the House Committee of Thirty three which was appointed in December of 1860 to consider plans and methods of reconciliation. Contemporary entries in his diary and statements in unpublished letters declare the principle upon which he acted in the work of that committee, and show that he understood the situation with astonishing accuracy. He saw that the only course in the defenseless condition of the Union was "to gain time, and bridge over the chasm made by Mr. Buchanan's weakness." He saw, too, that the ostensible complaints of the Southern leaders were insincere; that what they wanted was not an enforcement of the fugitive slave law, or the free admission of slavery to the plains of Kansas; that they were now intent upon the "regeneration" of Central and South America, and were cherishing the barbarous and utterly quixotic scheme of building up a vast empire stretching from the Ohio to the Isthmus, or mayhap to the Horn—an empire founded on slavery and mediævalism. Because of the time-serving work of this committee, and because of the skill with which Adams exposed the extravagant purposes of the South, the North came to see its duty more clearly, and the border States were not driven precipitately from the Union. "That this was the one practical course for a statesman to pursue, under the circumstances, seems now self-evident; that it was the course which would instinctively suggest itself to a natural diplomat is apparent. This Mr. Adams was."

It may be said, however, that, in considering the difficulties of that direful winter, the writer in one respect does Lincoln an injustice. It is not true that, "far away from the center of action in his secluded abode in the heart of Illinois," he made no sign. Lincoln was in correspondence with Seward concerning the problems of the time, and undoubtedly influenced him and the work of the Senate Committee. He made very intelligible signs to Weed, Greeley, and other influential members of his party. Another thing that merits attention is of quite a different character—the fact that the author does not seek to attribute to Adams, as Minister to Great Britain, superhuman skill or finesse; he does not even say that the course England took in the final detention of the famous ironclads at Birkenhead was all due to the strategy of the Minister. It is plain enough that the course of events was largely determined by the wisdom, courage, and discretion of this masterful American; but the author does well to see that there were numerous elements in the problem which no man, however astute, could control. He clearly brings out also that Adams's success in dealing with Russell and Palmerston was due to what we are wont to think is the American mode and habit of diplomacy; in other words, straightforward, honest, frank statement.

These biographies enable the reader to trace the most important lines of movement throughout the Civil War, and to get, likewise, some idea of the conflicting purposes and sentiments of honest-minded men

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during the period of Reconstruction, at a time when statesmen who had labored side by side for the same great object were opposed to each other. Seward was Secretary of State under Johnson, and was the object of vituperative attacks from his old colleagues; Sumner, with his enthusiasm and idealism unabated, toiled without ceasing for the rights of the freedmen; Adams, after his return from England, living in retirement, wisely and sadly looked on at the turmoil, out of sympathy with radical Republicanism, but with no heart to enter valiantly into the lists against its leaders.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. The absence of comment in this department in many cases indicates that extended review will be made at a later date. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Forty Years in the Medical Profession. 1858–1898. By John Janvier Black, M.D. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5¼×8½ in. 498 pages. $3.

While these desultory records and observations from the practice of a successful and eminent physician are in large measure suited only for the reading of other physicians, there are also not a few hints and suggestions about hygiene, diet, sanitation, and similar topics which might be of use to the lay reader. It should be added that, although the subject-matter is chiefly technical, Dr. Black often writes with animation, and even, sometimes, with humor.

Girl at the Half-Way House, The. By E. Hough. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 371 pages. $1.50.

This may be confidently pronounced one of the best stories of the season. The main subject is that which the author had already treated in a different way so vigorously and picturesquely in his volume called "The Story of the Cowboy." In the present volume we have in the form of fiction the story of the original development and sudden total change in character of a cowboy town. The novel abounds in local color, in humor, interest, and in incident. If we were to criticise any part of it, it would be the opening chapters, descriptive of a battle scene in the Civil War; these passages appear to us somewhat overwrought and unnatural. Once the cowboy town is reached, however, the author is thoroughly at home, and carries the reader with him irresistibly in his semi-humorous, semi-serious account of the doings of his typical characters; while it should be added that these characters are not only types, but also strongly individualized and very vividly living people.

Index in Xenophontis Memorabilia. Confecerunt Catharine Maria Gloth, Maria Francisca Kellogg. (Cornell Studies in Classical Philology, No. XI.) Published for the University by the Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 96 pages. $1.

Moral Evolution, The. By Judson Titworth. Published by the Author, Milwaukee. 5×7½ in. 114 pages.

The positions of modern theology in its divergence from that of the seventeenth century are clearly presented here, with correction of a variety of traditional fallacies. The central truth brought out is that the redemption of man is essentially a constructive, not a reconstructive, process. It is the making of man in a spiritual as distinct from a zoölogical sense, a creative work still going on towards an ultimate completion. This is exhibited not only in an individual but a social point of view, as issuing in a divinized society, the goal of the creative purpose. Mr. Titsworth has put into brief compass a well-balanced and simplified statement of important truths.

Mystery of Madeline Le Blanc, The. By Max Ehrmann. The Co-operative Publishing Co., Cambridge, Mass. 5×7 in. 107 pages.

Pen Sketches. By Finley Acker. Illustrations. Published by the Author, Philadelphia. 5½×8 in. 109 pages.

A rather ordinary account of ordinary travel in the Far East.

Recitations, Song and Story, for Sunday and Day Schools, Primary and Intermediate Departments. By Stephen V. R. Ford. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5×7¾ in. 160 pages.

Rome: Its Rise and Fall. By Philip Van Ness Myers, L.H.D. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 554 pages. $1.40.

This is planned, arranged, and illustrated with a view to its use in schools and colleges, but it is also of great value as a reference-book or as a history for popular reading. The author's sense of proportion is excellent, his style is agreeable, and the narrative is carried on rapidly, while brevity never becomes over-condensation. The volume as it stands has been expanded from a smaller text-book, and the work of expansion has been done with judgment and intelligence.

Royal Enchantress, A. By Leo Charles Dessar. Illustrated. The Continental Publishing Co., New York. 5×8 in. 350 pages. $1.50.

The publishers of this book send us with it a circular describing the legal and political career of the author; and this only goes to show that a man may be a specialist in one direction without being a specialist in another. Mr. Dessar has had a most creditable career as a legislator and reformer; but we regret to say that his story is ridiculously inflated in style and manner, and altogether unsatisfactory from any literary standpoint.

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Correspondence

A Filipino's Statement of the Case

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Although your paper is the most skillful apologist for the war against the independence of the Philippines, I believe that you earnestly desire the welfare of the Philippine people and the realization of their higher aspirations. I therefore, with much confidence, request the publication of the inclosed portion of Señor Lopez's letter to Captain O'Farrell, the President of the Anti-Imperialist League of Washington. Señor Lopez represents the Filipinos in London.

X. Y.

What we say, not to the people of America, but to the Administration, is as follows: Do you want means to secure protection to life and property? Then take whatever means are necessary. Do you want to secure rights in lieu of services rendered to us? You shall have all that you demand. Do you want to see a stable government established in the islands? So do we; come and help us, or come and supervise while we establish it for ourselves. Do you want repayment, in whole or in part, of the $20,000,000 too hastily paid to a defeated foe? Do you want trade concessions? Do you require a basis of operations in the Far East? Do you want coaling stations, or any conceivable thing which we are able to give or find? Come and take all these things. Do you want to humiliate us, and prove your own military strength? Impossible; there could be no nobility of character, no "prestige to arms," no "honor to the flag," in the strong humiliating the weak, especially when it is remembered that "the weak" once gave whatever strength it had in support of the arms of "the strong."

Then there is only one thing left: Do you want our country? We cannot believe that you do. With all your millions of miles of territory, with all your illimitable wealth, with the vastness of your commerce, with the rights and concessions which we are prepared to yield to you, we cannot believe that you also want our country. But if you do want it, why not say so? Why talk of philanthropy, and "peace," and "charity," and "liberty of opportunity," and the "task which Providence has placed upon you"? Why speak of refusing to accede to imaginary demands which we never made as to the immediate withdrawal of your forces? If it was your intention from the first to seize our country, why did you seek and accept our aid in the conquest of our native land? Why did you telegraph to us, "Come as soon as possible"? Why do you now seek to belittle our aid? Why did you charge us with having been bribed and then allow us to spend the "bribe" in warfare against your enemy? Why did you awake us from the delightful sleep into which you assert we had been lulled by "bribery"? Why did you allow us to cherish for months the belief that we were to have national liberty and independence? Why did you not tell us at first that it was your intention to annex the Philippines? Why did you say that "annexation was not to be thought of," and that, "by your code of morality, it would be criminal aggression"? Why did you not say boldly that you intended to take our country, and that you would be satisfied with nothing else?

These are the questions which, as I have said, we address, not to the people of America, with whom we have no quarrel, but to the Administration. They are questions which require straightforward answers. It will be useless to attempt to avoid the issue by telling us that we are "savages."

Neither will it avail to plead that "no specific agreement had been made with Aguinaldo as to independence." We have our opinion as to whether there was a specific agreement. But let that, for the moment, be put out of the discussion. What we contend is that, over and above any specific agreement, there was a moral understanding from which ensue moral obligations which are more binding than written agreements—more binding because the one party has trusted to the honor of the other without seeking a written bond. If I wish to secure the aid of a friend; if I tell him that I will not do a certain thing, that, according to "my code of morality," it would be "criminal" to do it; and if I then accept his aid, knowing that he trusts entirely to my honor, would it be either moral or honorable to seek to escape the obligation by pleading that there had been no "specific" or written "agreement"?

I have never doubted that the people of America will do what faith and honor demand.

SIXTO LOPEZ.

A Word from Dr. Hale

To the Editors of The Outlook:

You have eight or nine thousand readers in New England who have been favored with comfort and leisure and enough to eat and drink in these summer days. They read these very lines as they sit on shady verandas, and look out, when they look up, on lovely landscapes. One of the first story-books which such readers will take up, if they have a good selection, will be one by Miss Jewett or Miss Wilkins or Miss Fuller. And the story very likely will be about some Miss Abra Lewis, or old Miss Naomi Cradock, who is living a mile or two out of the village, in the house which she has chosen not to abandon, which she received from her father. There are hollyhocks in front and scarlet runners behind, and humming-birds

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course between one and the other, and everything else makes the house picturesque, for Mrs. Whitney, Miss Wilkins, or Miss Jewett, or you or me. The aged heroines themselves are queer and quaint, and yet they attract us. We are very glad that they do not abandon their little homesteads; we drop a tear or two, and turn to the next story.

And this story, very likely, is a story of old Miss Nancy Tucker, or old Miss Phœbe Ilsley, who has arranged another brown house, with another picturesque lean-to, and another sad life for the entertainment of you and me.

All which long introduction is to call the attention of your comfortable thousands of readers to the fact that the present position of Miss Phœbe and Miss Nancy and Miss Abra is by no means so comfortable as ours is. Indeed, of most of such women—and there are thousands in New England and New York—the scientific sociologist would say they ought to abandon the old home, and they ought to carry a chair or two and a picture or two to the town poorhouse, and spend the rest of their days there, in such company as old Mrs. McGuire, or old Hans Unterock, or perhaps the idiotic Nicholas Prosterchef, will offer them.

But you and I know perfectly well that neither of us would do this ourselves if we could possibly help it; and I am writing these lines, in the comfort of my August holiday, to propose that you and I, and the rest of the eight thousand referred to in the first paragraph of this letter, shall unite in a private Fund. It will not be named here, but on the Golden Book, where they write with a diamond pencil, it may be entered as the "Midsummer Fund." It shall be devoted, from year to year, to maintaining, in her hollyhock farm-house, old Mrs. Claudius. That is not her name, but it will be convenient to call her so. She is a widow who is preserving for the benefit of such authors as I have just named one of the farms which but for her would be abandoned. There were days when she wrote verses and stories for children. There were days when she could hoe between the ridges of her own corn; now she is a cripple, and cannot do so. There were days when she could teach Florence Montgomery how to make all the letters of the alphabet in high-colored silks upon her sampler. I think she could do that now, but Florence Montgomery no longer wishes to learn.

Mrs. Claudius will receive the first $100 from our new fund. Nice old Mrs. Arethusa Buencor will receive the second. Miss Clarissa Doolittle will receive the third. Miss Eliza Featherweight will receive the fourth. With all these ladies we are well acquainted at the office of the "Lend a Hand Society." We have them on our list of the "deserving poor." This list is made, as well as we know how, from the Golden Book which has been referred to, where we observe that most people are recorded as "deserving" of the very best gifts which the good God has to give. All four are the sisters of the reader, of yourself, and myself, and the other people who are at this moment on my piazza, and, in the order which I have mentioned, they will receive, for the better care of their hollyhocks, their humming-birds, and their scarlet runners, the sums which are sent to us at No. 1 Beacon Street, Boston, for their greater comfort and A. M. G. D.

EDWARD E. HALE.

Frank Questions Frankly Answered

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Outlook of July 28 says: "The economic advantages of combination are too great and too immediate to be sacrificed. The Standard Oil Company carries oil to the farmer's door." In June, 1899, the writer left Lansing, Mich., for Cherryvale, Kan., by team. I bought kerosene (Headlight Brand) at Lansing, Mich., for eight cents a gallon; at Elkhart, Ind., for ten cents; at Princeton, Ill., for twelve cents; at West Liberty, Ia., for thirteen cents; at Red Oak, Ia., for fifteen cents; at Ottawa, Kan., for fourteen cents. Here in Cherryvale, only sixteen miles from the refinery of the Standard Oil Company at Neodosha, Kan., kerosene, in September, 1899, now, and for years, has sold at twenty cents per gallon.

Please explain these conditions.

(1) How is it that people sixteen miles from an oil field and refinery (oil here is supplied from the refinery at Neodosha) must pay one-fourth more than people of western Iowa, and twice as much as the people of Indiana and Michigan?

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(2) Of what benefit is it to the people of southern Kansas to have their oil fields developed if they must pay twice as much for the refined product as the people of States remote from refineries?

(3) What necessity exists for the combination (or trust) of a corporation manufacturing agricultural implements in Wisconsin with all the other firms in Michigan, New York, Kentucky, Illinois, or elsewhere?

(4) Why does the Nail Trust have one price for the domestic market and a much lower schedule for export trade?

(5) Do not trusts east of the Mississippi River seek to crush factories west of the Mississippi River, by combination, as effectively as George III. sought to crush manufactories in the colonies by decree or legislation?

(6) Is not the trust simply an engine for the spoliation of the productive energies of the country?

(7) If capitalistic interests control conventions and legislation, who is to control trust combinations?

(8) *a.* Is not The Outlook drifting into the capitalistic position? *b.* The Outlook suggests remedies for the Ice Trust and railroad pooling, but what about the more than two hundred and fifty other trusts?

A. N. RUSSELL.

Cherryvale, Kan.

Answers.—(1) A monopoly charges all it can with safety to itself.

(2) The only use is furnishing payment for labor.

(3) The only public advantage from a combination of corporations is in decrease of expenses and escape from destructive competition.

(4) In order to get all it can. In the foreign market there is competition. The remedy would be repeal of the protective tariff.

(5) We do not know; we have no reason to think so.

(6) The editorial you criticise answers this question.

(7) The people can and must control the conventions and legislatures. One means to this end is furnished by direct primaries and direct legislation.

(8) *a.* The readers of The Outlook must answer this question. We think not. *b.* The Outlook has repeatedly recommended, and does again, the following specific remedies: Remove protecting tariffs; require all corporations and combinations of corporations to publish their reports in forms intelligible to the public; prohibit stock-watering; make it criminal for any corporation to restrict the right of purchasers to purchase of other dealers, to refuse to sell at market rates for cash to any purchaser, or to make lower rates for one patron than for another; and tax all corporations as individuals are taxed.—THE EDITORS.

A School of Commerce

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I beg leave to call your attention to the School of Commerce established by the Regents of the University of Wisconsin at their meeting last April. No mention was made of this school in the paragraph on the general subject in your recent review of Professor Butler's "Monographs on Education."

We have planned the work of our school with great care. We aim to make it do for the higher education of business men what the best schools of engineering and agriculture do for engineers and farmers. The requirements for admission are identical with those of our colleges of letters and science and engineering. Our plan is to lay a broad educational foundation by means of thorough courses in history, economics, political science, economic geography, physics, chemistry, and at least one modern language besides English, and to build thereon strictly technical courses designed to prepare men for the banking business, the consular service, and the most important branches of foreign commerce.

We shall be ready to receive students at the opening of the next academic year, and it now seems probable that we shall have a goodly number at the very start.

WILLIAM A. SCOTT,
Director of the School.

University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

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Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.

I would like you to give me the Protestant and Catholic version of the following verses—that generally accepted—also your own: "And I say unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven" (Matthew xvi., 18, 19). A. M. W.

The translation of the passage, as quoted, is not at issue between Protestants and Romanists, but only the interpretation. Romanists hold that the powers here described were conferred upon Peter, as the rock foundation of the Church, and were transmitted by him to the popes as his legitimate successors, from whom they flow to the clergy. The "keys" are the power of admitting to or excluding from the Church, outside of which there is supposed to be no salvation. "Binding" and "loosing" denote authority to legislate for the Church by commandment or permission. The Evangelical Protestant view is that Simon received the name of Peter (meaning *rock*), though he was a mercurial rather than a steady character, because he had reached the rock foundation of the Church, faith in Jesus as the Son of God; that in this faith not Peter only, but all who share it with him, receive the key truth by which they are to open the kingdom of heaven to all converts to their faith; also that through the moral fellowship with Jesus which faith in him produces they are qualified to declare what is and what is not according to the mind of Christ, and to speak with divine authority in the reproof of sin and in assurance of forgiveness to the repentant. With this view of the passage we concur.

1. What do you consider the best method of teaching the Bible to children and youth? I find difficulties in adapting the new method of interpretation to any system used by evangelical Sunday-schools. 2. Do you agree with President G. Stanley Hall's statement that Christ should not be presented to children till they are fourteen years old? 3. Can you refer me to any accounts of literary clubs conducted in churches where the young people are not highly educated and have not much time for study? 4. Is there any record of work laid out for the literary department of the Epworth League? L. W.

1. If the question means some published system of lessons and lesson helps, the so-called Blakeslee Lessons, by the Bible Study Union, Boston, deserve special recommendation. But if you mean a method of meeting modern difficulties arising from conflict of traditional interpretations of the Bible with critical learning, the question is too large for this column, except to name leading principles, viz.: 1. Divine inspiration is a power for moral quickening rather than for correct statement. 2. An infallible book is an impossibility. 3. The essentials of the Bible are to be looked for in Jesus' teachings, and found elsewhere only in agreement with these. In Mr. Sheldon's "Ethical Sunday-School" (The Macmillan Company, New York) there are some excellent hints for the use of the Old Testament in teaching children. 2. There are different views in which Christ may be presented. In some views he may be presented to children much younger than fourteen. 3 and 4. Referred to our readers.

Kindly suggest some works which will throw light on the subject "Why we believe in the Bible." R. S. C.

There are two different senses in which the phrase "believe in the Bible" may be taken: (1) As to its testimony to moral and spiritual truth. This is summed up and uttered in the Gospels by Jesus Christ, whose authority is generally recognized by sound consciences. (2) As to its testimony in historical matters. For this see such books as Professor McCurdy's "History, Prophecy, and the Monuments" (Macmillan, New York, $3). But where the historical narrative relates miraculous events, belief is determined by various considerations regarding their historicity. These cannot even be summarized here, but for a specimen of their treatment by a believer see Bruce's "Miraculous Element in the Gospels" (Armstrong). In general, see Dr. Gladden's recent book, "How Much is Left of the Old Doctrines?" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

1. What bibliography can you suggest on the philosophical theory of *reciprocal causation*? 2. What answer does modern scholarship give to the old question as to "the lost tribes of Israel"? A. B. C.

1. We should simply refer to a history of philosophy, Erdmann's for instance. As to the conception of causation in general, note Professor Royce's observations in his recent Gifford Lectures on "The World and the Individual" (The Macmillan Company, New York). He says, among other things: "The unhappy slavery of the metaphysics of the past to the conception of causation has been responsible for some of the most fatal of the misfortunes of religion and of humanity" (p. 444). 2. That they were lost, not in consequence of deportation, to which comparatively a small number were subjected, but through amalgamation with the non-Israelite population about them.

Kindly recommend to me what you consider the best book of Bible stories for children. If you will mention the names and publishers of several books of this kind you will greatly oblige me. R. L. H.

The two best books of this kind, as we think, are Foster's "Bible for Young People" (The Charles Foster Publishing Company, Philadelphia), and Bennett and Adeney's "Bible Story Freshly Told for Young People" (The Macmillan Company, New York), the Old and New Testaments in separate volumes or in one, and arranged according to recent criticism.

Please let me know what helps to Bible study you consider suitable for one who wishes a short and concise summary of the books of both the Old and the New Testament. A. M.

Bennett's "Primer of the Bible" (Holt, New York, $1.25). Bennett and Adeney's "Biblical Introduction, Old and New Testament" is somewhat ampler (T. Whittaker, New York, $2).

Give names of best books on the exposition of the Apostles' Creed. G. W. C.

The best book on this subject, though not equally satisfactory to us in all its chapters, is Dr. Stimson's "The Apostles' Creed in the Light of Modern Discussion" (Pilgrim Press, Boston).

"J. A. M." in The Outlook for July 14 asks, "Is there a sermon by a distinguished American preacher in which he compares the Bible with Harvard University or with any university?" President Hyde in his "God's Education of Man" (p. 197) says: "Law deals with men as the school deals with children. . . . Grace appeals to men as the college appeals to youth. . . . Character treats men as the university treats its graduate students." The figure is expanded at some length in the chapter from which the above is quoted. Whether Dr. Hyde has used it in any sermon or not I know not. S. P. W.

Inquirer.—Your statement that the "Song of Songs" as well as the Book of Esther does not contain the name of God appears to be correct.

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